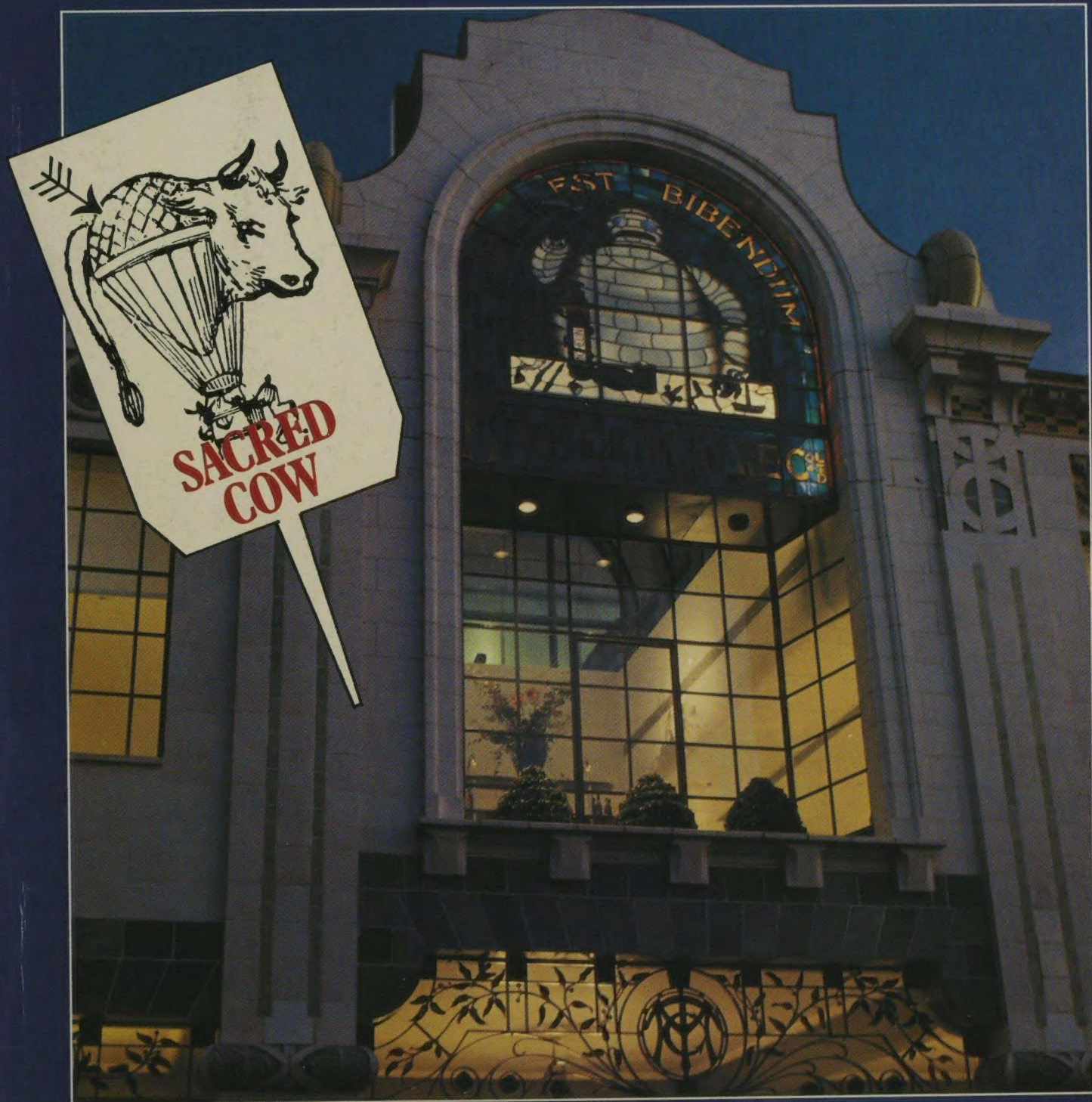


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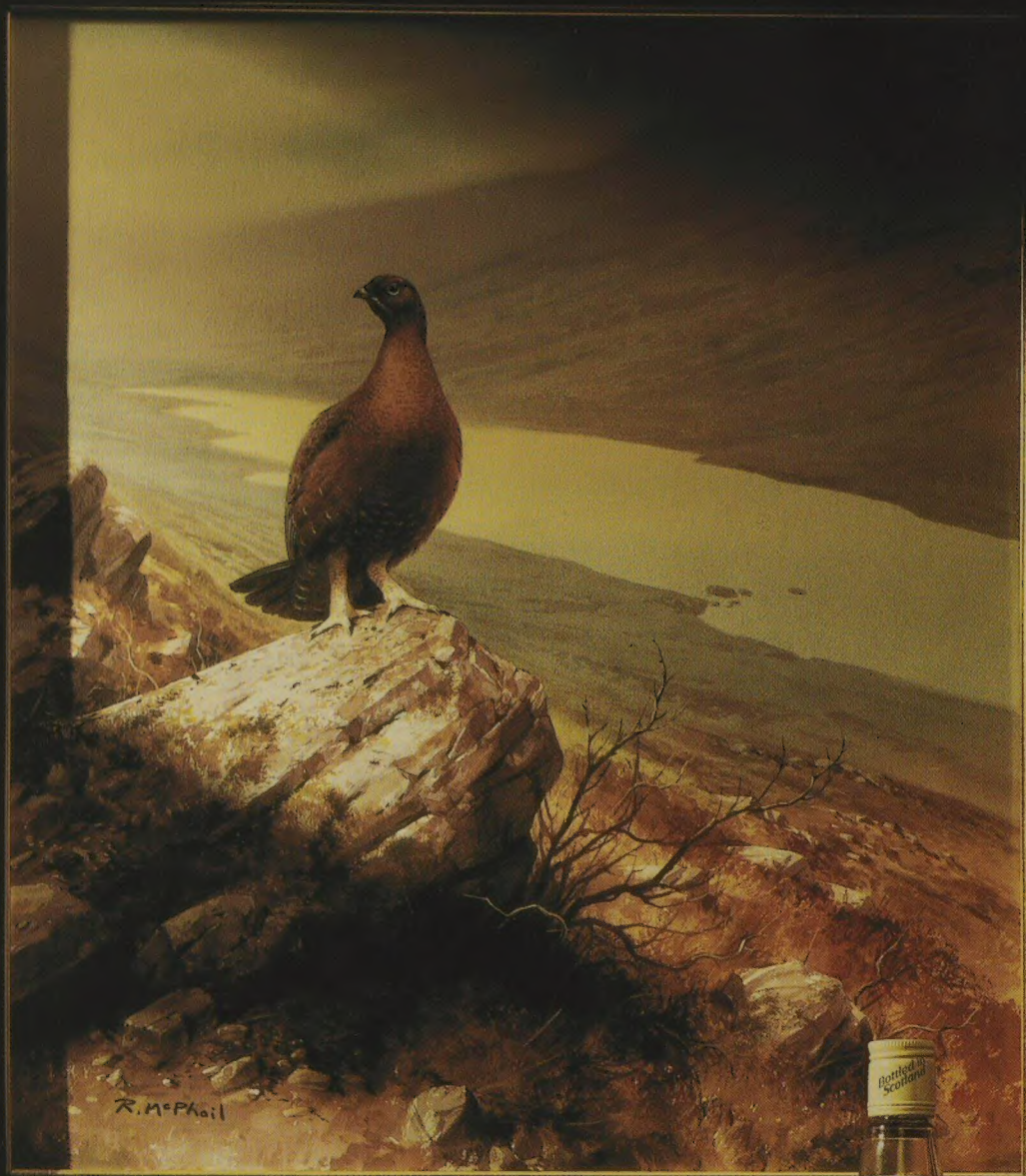
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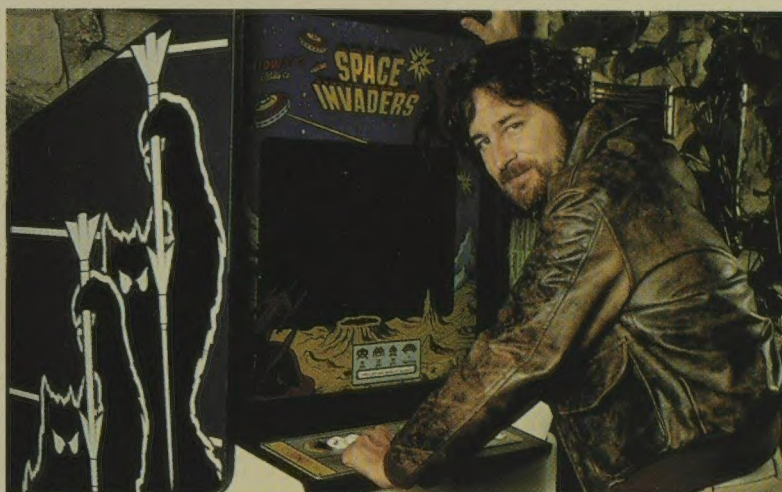
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Much credit must go to the 750L's automatic gearbox.

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transmission that actually 'talks' to the fuel injection computer, before it shifts ratio.

The computer responds by altering the engine output to suit each change.

The result is gear changes so exact that even experienced road testers have had trouble detecting them.

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Newtrade Distributor: S.M. Distribution, 16-18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9 8DX. Telephone 01-274 8611. USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 (\$29), USA £25 (\$39), Europe £28 (\$44), Canada £28 (\$55), rest of the world £32 (\$50). Typesetting and printing in England by Watmoughs Limited, Idle, Bradford; and London. Colour reproduction by Bridge Graphics Limited. Published at the office of *The Illustrated London News*, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF, March, 1988. Agents for Australasia: Gordon & Gotch Ltd; branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Launceston and Hobart, Australia; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, New Zealand.

Who are the intelligentsia?

THERE ARE signs in the Sunday newspapers that Conservative columnists are becoming agitated about the intelligentsia. Suddenly its members are being portrayed as the ultimately corrupting influence in our society because of their conspicuous failure to adore Mrs Thatcher.

Obviously this is going to provide a certain amount of amusement in the months to come for it is a good opportunity to point out the inconsistencies of, say, Sir Peter Hall's large earnings and his leftish views. But one wonders whether these ingenious columnists could not find a better target. A campaign against the intelligentsia seems about as daft as a campaign against the Trustees of the Tate Gallery. For at least the latter exist.

Britain is good at many things but it has so far proved remarkably unsuccessful in creating an intelligentsia, that is to say a group of intellectuals who form an artistic, social or political élite. The Bloomsbury group came near to it, but when compared to the vanguards of thinkers that have appeared in Paris, Berlin, Moscow or New York at various times in the last century, they look a little amateurish. Although we produce figures of great talent and intelligence they seldom form into a squad. Elite intellectualism is not generally accorded the esteem here that it is in other countries. Even the word intellectual has a slightly pejorative implication.

One of the first attacks, entitled *Why Britain's Eggheads Look Down On Mrs Thatcher*, published in the *Sunday Telegraph*, dug up a number of figures from the arts and made them look extremely foolish. Jonathan Raban, a novelist and travel writer, disliked her because she had the certainty of scientists' training, while Jonathan Miller said he did not like "her odious suburban gentility and sentimental saccharine patriotism". Peter Porter, the poet, said she was stupid, the artist David Gentleman described her as "tasteless and vain" and the philosopher Mary Warnock hated her choice of Marks & Spencer dresses.

It would be interesting to know why the *Sunday Telegraph* chose these people to represent the British intelligentsia, for their only obvious common denominator is their abhorrence of the Prime Minister. Is it therefore the contemporary definition of a member of the intelligentsia that he or she must despise Mrs Thatcher? If so, it would appear to exclude the *Sunday Telegraph* and all its columnists, which seems to be an eminently sensible conclusion.

Our main story this month is written by Lewis Chester who joins the *ILN* as a contributing editor. Chester has spent the winter researching the fascinating story behind the Saatchi & Saatchi advertising company, in particular its relationship with Tim Bell and Martin Sorrell. Bell, a key adviser to Mrs Thatcher, and Sorrell, an ingenious financier, both left the company and set up in competition with Charles and Maurice Saatchi. Despite the extraordinary creativity of the quartet it does seem that there was never any love lost between

them and that the break was inevitable.

The story was not easy to research because the Saatchis, despite their immense success, are extremely secretive. The same is true of Bell and Sorrell who are rarely guilty of indiscretion. Chester, however, has overcome these undoubted difficulties to produce a marvellous article.

Elsewhere in this issue there is an excellent profile of Steven Spielberg, the American film director whose *Empire of the Sun* has been chosen for a Royal Film Performance. It was written by the novelist and film critic Gilbert Adair, who argues that Spielberg is one of the very few makers of popular films who do not rely on explicit violence for their appeal. There is also a portrait of suburbia by Daniel Meadows, which is neither patronizing nor snide. It is, however, sometimes chilling and reminds me of the quiet desperation present in some of Alan Ayckbourn's plays.

Some months ago I asked *ILN* readers to provide a Bill of Rights which would clarify what are and what are not British rights as well as striking a balance between freedom and order. Many entries arrived, most of them inspired not by the case of champagne on offer but by the challenge of the exercise. Not everyone, however, rose to it. There were several contributions which recommended the official recognition of the IRA and three that prescribed the liberal use of capital punishment. Another desired the abolition of all driving licences.

There were two which were far and away the best entries. The first, from an institute in Belgium, was four pages of elegant brevity and sense. The author would have undoubtedly won if he had not subsequently written imploring me not to use his name or any part of his bill of rights. He explained that in his capacity as member of an international institute he had subsequently presented his bill to a small, developing country which was on the look-out for precisely this sort of document. As the country's parliament was about to debate the bill he felt it would be wrong for it to appear in *The Illustrated London News* first. I do not know which country has approached him or indeed whether to believe his story, but there seems no other reason for him to withdraw what was an excellent entry. He loses the case of champagne but perhaps he gains immortality.

The original runner-up, now the winner, is Julian Wybra of Billericay, Essex. His bill is much more specific in its measures and the freedoms that it guarantees. It is also well-expressed. Congratulations. The case of Lanson champagne is on its way.

We also now have the results of the British silverware competition, run in the Christmas issue of the *ILN*. Mrs Judith Banister wins the first prize of a sterling silver Queens Brownlow. Mrs D. Atkinson came second and wins a reproduction Queen Anne tea set and Heather Rooke wins a silver-mounted crystal claret jug as third prize ○



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READERS' LETTERS

UNSAVOURY COMMENT

I HAVE read your recent article entitled "Peter the Great Fake". You will not be surprised to learn that I am far from delighted with the content.

I readily accept criticism and accept that journalists have complete freedom in what they write. My complaint is solely that I consider it in bad taste to pose as an interested friendly party and gain access to one's private home and be allowed the privilege of confidence, only to find the interviewers unable to return the compliment.

I am disappointed to have been abused by allowing myself to be used in this way in the privacy of my own home, and am most surprised that you feel it appropriate to take advantage of such circumstances by publishing a most unfriendly article which casts great aspersions on my goodwill and character.

Peter de Savary, London SW1

BRIDGE GAP

IN renewing a subscription for Mrs Rowbotham in Madeira I would confirm that she, and her friends, find a great deal of interest in the *ILN*, but they do miss the Bridge article, which has been discontinued recently.

Perhaps you could give this your consideration.

R. M. Calman, Leatherhead

I HAVE been a reader of *The Illustrated London News* all my life—at least it was always in my parents' home when I was a small boy during the First World War, and I myself have ordered it every month for many years. I have never written to the Editor before.

What I would like you to consider is the reintroduction of the Chess and Bridge articles. I always seem to remember a Chess article even when it was a weekly paper; the Bridge articles started years ago. Both stopped a year or so ago.

D. R. A. Hotchkis, St Andrews

CRY CHANGE

MY HUSBAND and I were seriously contemplating cancelling our subscription to the *ILN* when suddenly on our doorstep appeared an exciting, interesting, readable, colourful magazine with a brand-new format. Obviously

someone had dropped it from the past to the present. Thank you very much!

There is a reference to the film *Cry Freedom* in the Cinema listing in your December, 1987 issue. Steven Biko died in South Africa. Rhodesia is known universally as Zimbabwe and has been for ages. The movie is to be shown here. I cannot wait. Perhaps it is biased and inaccurate. Even our anti-Government critics will not like it. Please Mr Porter, so much good is being done here by many people of all races. A serious study of what is really happening would not go amiss. But not Eric Marsden. Please!

In *The Sunday Times* on December 20, 1987, there is an article about Yorkshire parents who do not want their children educated with Asian children. Isn't this what the rest of the world would call apartheid?

The shocking story of the Pakistani couple on a housing estate in London. Abused, hounded, spat at and vilified. They may have been happier here among other Indian families.

Racism has nothing at all to do with colour, but it has a lot to do with culture.

Bridget Barmish, Johannesburg

CRUMBLING MASONRY

THE article [*ILN* November, 1987] attributed to Val Hennessy was, in my opinion, derogatory of a world-wide, very worthwhile charitable institution, concerned with peace, love, and harmony—particularly at a time of so much distress in various countries of the world.

As an admirer of your distinguished magazine I was very disappointed to read it and can only feel that the contributor did very little research into the subject, and/or did not contact the people at Freemasons' Hall who were conversant with the subject.

The article appeared to be an attempt at facetiousness and I suggest that the writer goes back to Freemasons' Hall for further information.

R. V. Williams, Victoria, NSW

RECENTLY I read an account [*ILN* November, 1987] by one of your staff of a conducted tour of the Freemasons' Hall. I found the words discourteous, distasteful and laced with many unpleasant

innuendos, unworthy of a periodical with such a long-standing and distinguished reputation.

It appeared that the writer had no knowledge of the craft of Freemasonry nor of architecture. I am sure that during the tour information was given regarding the architects and craftsmen responsible for the building, yet mention was made only of Walter Gilbert, the eminent sculptor. It was a disgraceful omission that the names of the architects were not included. They were Henry V. Ashley, who was my father, and his partner, Winton Newman.

Mrs A. M. Pitt, Kings Lynn

GOD SAVE CONGRESS

I HAVE subscribed to and enjoyed the *ILN* for approximately 25 years.

There is much in your editorial [January, 1988] with which I agree; this agreement is primarily an understanding of your perceptions of our national leadership. The American constitution invests in the president the power of foreign policy. Some of this power is restricted by Congress controlling the purse strings.

Our president has tried to be conciliatory to Congress more than is necessary. By control of the Senate he was able to get much of his legislative policy passed; with control of the Senate in Democratic hands, they are working as hard as possible to see none of it is passed and our president appears inept and ineffectual. The latter is of course calculated, and aided and abetted by the media.

An excellent example of this is Iran-gate. I feel our president should have stood up to Congress, told them it was his prerogative, not theirs, to carry out foreign policy, and generally reaffirmed his powers under the constitution.

President Reagan has attempted to balance our budget ever since the initiation of his presidency. It was the mandate of the people for this. Unfortunately those same people are represented by a Congress without conscience and only interested in prolongation of their tenure by the "buying" of votes. The US deficit is entirely the province of Congress and is not to be blamed on our president. Statesmen who feel the national good transcends provincial or local interests have been absent from Congress for

approximately 25 years.

If it is not already evident, the locus of my politics states that President Kennedy was the worst president in this century. The Bay of Pigs was an absolute disaster leading to the abrogation of the Monroe Doctrine. It seems Congress has had its problems since the come-down of the strong committee chairmen.

I have very little philosophic dissent from President Reagan. My disagreement with him concerns implementation, resolve and confrontation. Perhaps that is the art of politics.

I wish to congratulate you on your excellent Prime Minister. I wish you, her and your nation a prosperous and joyous new year.

Howard L. Smith, New Mexico

THEATRE BASHING

I WRITE to protest about the December cover story which was entitled "All Tinsel And No Talent". Very witty, I am sure, but this sort of one-sided journalism does the West End theatres no good at all.

We were complaining a few years ago that all the theatres were losing money or being shut. Now that there are real signs of vitality, you are still complaining. What the likes of Nicholas de Jongh really want is a lot of wet liberals sitting around in dusty sets trying to make up their minds about infidelity and the meaning of life. What I and my friends like is a little fun and glamour. If Mr de Jongh has any doubts about the greatness of English theatre, he has only to look at the success of *Phantom of the Opera* here and in America.

It is a shame that this sort of rabid prejudice has polluted what is a marvellous publication.

Ernest Brill, London W6

NEW LOOK

I AM writing to congratulate you on the way you have revamped the *ILN* and made it such an intelligent, informative, up-to-date and entertaining magazine.

Shortly before you took over, I decided to cancel my order for the *ILN* because it was so dull. Then I bought a copy to find it had been completely revised and updated. What a joy! All due to your efforts. I shall keep looking forward to receiving my *ILN* each month.

Joan Holder, Chalfont St Giles

VOTING FOR ACTION

THIS was the month of the vote: Arthur Scargill was re-elected as President of the National Union of Mineworkers; some National Health Service workers voted for disruptive action and the seamen's union and, later, Ford workers voted to go on strike. Commentators began to compare the action to the Winter of Discontent of 1979. But the strikes were not so widespread nor was the picketing so vehement.

There were votes in Parliament, notably on David Alton's Private Member's bill to reduce the maximum number of weeks at which an abortion may take place. He won the right for a second reading of the bill but Richard Shepherd was less successful with his Private Member's bill to reform the Official Secrets Act. The Government ordered a three-line whip against his measures and then said that it would embrace some of

them in its own White Paper.

After much agonizing, the Liberal and Social Democratic parties both voted to merge. The new party is unlikely to feature either David Steel or Dr David Owen as its leader, since the former announced his decision not to stand as a candidate and the latter voted against the merger.

Perhaps the most controversial issue of the month was the decision by the Court of Appeal to

reject the appeal of six Irishmen serving life sentences for the Birmingham pub bombings in 1974. The judgment followed the Attorney-General's decision not to prosecute officers named by the Stalker inquiry into allegations about the Royal Ulster Constabulary's shoot-to-kill policy. A Labour MP, Dale Campbell-Savours, later named some of the officers concerned in the House of Commons.



Nurses were among 1,000 demonstrators in Trafalgar Square who took part in a nationwide Day of Action to protest about the state of the NHS

MONDAY, JANUARY 11

● Three Palestinians died during demonstrations on the Gaza Strip. One of the dead was killed by a Jewish settler leader, the first time that a Jewish settler had shot dead a Palestinian since the violence began on December 9. The following day Israel barred Marrack Goulding, the UN envoy, from entering the Jabaliya and Shati refugee camps after they were declared closed military zones. On January 13 army troops shot dead a young Palestinian in Kafr-Ni'ima and Israel deported four activists to

southern Lebanon. On January 15 Israeli soldiers and Palestinians clashed at Al-Haram Ash-Sharif, the Noble Sanctuary, in the Old City of Jerusalem as Palestinians gathered for a "day of remembrance for martyrs". Trouble broke out during Friday prayers while Sheikh Hamed Beitawi was giving reasons for the troubles. As Israeli flags were burned, troops moved in with tear gas and made eight arrests. The following day Yitzhak Rabin, the Israeli Defence Minister, banned foreign charities and political groups from sending shipments of food and

"The first priority of the security forces is to use might, power and beatings to prevent demonstrations..."

Yitzhak Rabin, Israeli Defence Minister, January 11.

clothing to the occupied territories. Further outbreaks of violence were reported on January 30, when at least 12 Palestinians suffered bullet wounds as Israeli troops returned to using live ammunition rather than physical intimidation to quell the rioters and on February 1, when another Palestinian was killed. On February 7 five more were killed, including a 15-year-old boy who was beaten to death, bringing the total number of dead to 46.

● Gordon Marshall, a police constable, who killed a cyclist while driving when nearly four times over the legal

alcohol limit, was jailed for four years.
 ● John Hughes, the Labour MP, was suspended from the House of Commons for five days after disrupting prayers at the start of the day's proceedings. He was attempting to raise the matter of delays to children's heart operations.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 12

● Sixteen Conservative MPs voted against the Government and more than 20 abstained over the freezing of child benefit at £7.25 a week. An amendment calling for increases in line with inflation was defeated 288-241.

● The McSorley family, who were driven from their home in Windsor when Hell's Angels moved in next door, were awarded £23,632 damages in the High Court.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13

● The proposed merger between the Liberals and the Social Democrats was

"There are already two Tory parties in this country—Thatcher's and Owen's—why should we compete with them and create a third?"

Tony Greaves, Liberal negotiator, after the announcement of the first Liberal SDP policy agreement, January 13.

delayed after an agreed policy statement entitled *Voices and Choices For All*, which included an extension of VAT to food and children's clothing, means-testing child benefit and support for the Trident missile system, was unanimously rejected by Liberal MPs who described it as "inept" and "loony". However, on January 18 the merger was said to be "back on the rails" as the two negotiating teams agreed to a revised document without the controversial clauses. On January 23, at a special assembly in Blackpool, the Liberal Party voted by a margin of nearly six to one to merge with the Social Democrats and on January 30 the Council for Social Democracy voted in Sheffield to join with the Liberals. Dr David Owen continued to turn his back on the Alliance and predicted continued support for the SDP.

● Rupert Murdoch's News International increased its stake in Pearson, publisher of the *Financial Times*, to 20 per cent.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14

● Unemployment in the UK fell by 35,400 in December to 2,614,000.

● The Government agreed not to cut meal allowance payments for blood transfusion workers and thereby averted the threat of extensive disruption. Two days earlier the Government had also temporarily withdrawn plans to cut special-duty payments for nurses.

● The Civil Aviation Authority said that flights from London City Airport to Paris could resume after being suspended for four weeks because of fears about safety. The panel of inquiry revealed three new routes now available to Paris.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 15

● The Government defeated a backbench attempt to reform the Official



Australia Day: celebrations for the bicentenary reached fever pitch with the arrival of 160 tall ships in Sydney



Invasion Day: Barnum Barnum plants the Aboriginal flag in English soil

Secrets Act. Mrs Thatcher had ordered a three-line whip against Richard Shepherd's Official Information Bill but 20 Conservative MPs still backed it, while an estimated 60 backbenchers abstained. The Government had a majority of 37—the biggest revolt since the defeat of the Shops Bill in April, 1986.

● The dollar and share prices rose sharply after official figures showed that the US trade deficit had fallen to \$13.22 billion in November from the previous month's record of \$17.63 billion.

● *The Sunday Times* won the right in a High Court hearing to publish almost two-thirds of Anthony Cavendish's *Inside Intelligence*, so modifying the injunction granted to the Attorney-General at the beginning of the month. The following day *The Observer* also won the right to publish the memoirs after threatening to sue the Government for damages.

● In a confession on South Korean television a North Korean woman, Kim Hyon Hi, a diplomat's daughter, said that she helped plant the bomb on a South Korean airliner which

disappeared on December 15 with 115 people on board.

● Donald Healey, who designed and built the Austin Healey sports cars, flew anti-Zeppelin missions during the First World War and was the first Briton to win the Monte Carlo rally outright in 1931, died aged 89.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16

● A British captain on the Sea Container-owned *Boxer Captain Cook* was murdered by his "berserk" Filipino First Officer and thrown overboard off the Florida Coast.

● France beat England 10-9 in the Five Nations Championship at Parc des Princes in Paris and Ireland beat Scotland 22-18 at Lansdowne Road in Dublin. On February 6 Wales beat England 11-3 at Twickenham and Scotland beat France 23-12 at Murrayfield.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 17

● Maureen Paleschi, a Briton, was jailed for 25 years with hard labour in Egypt, on a charge of smuggling £377,000 worth of heroin into the country.

● Lieutenant-Colonel Aldo Rico, who led an army rebellion in Argentina,

"I believe that people who make calls on the NHS by personal abuse of their own bodies should be required to pay for their treatment."

Sir Raymond Hoffenburg, President of the Royal College of Physicians, on the heavy burden of smoke- and drink-related disease on the NHS, January 20.

surrendered to government forces in the northern town of Monte Caseros.

● Twenty-four hours after the polls closed in the Haiti general election, there was still no official announcement of who had won. Opposition parties who boycotted the election called the poll a "veritable farce" and said the turn-out had been only 2 per cent, while government officials put the figure at 80 per cent. Seven days later Leslie Manigat, the government's man, was declared the winner.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 19

● John Moore, Secretary of State for Social Services, refused to promise any additional money for the National Health Service during a House of Commons debate on funding. The following day John Major, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, said that the Government White Paper on spending plans for the next three years did not allow for any extra money for the health service. The Presidents of the Royal Colleges of Physicians, Surgeons and Obstetricians condemned the Government's handling of the crisis despite the NHS being "near breaking-point". On January 22 the Royal

College of Nurses called for a campaign of rallies, demonstrations and parliamentary lobbying in response to the strike call by nurses belonging to TUC-affiliated unions by saying strikes would only hurt the patients and damage the health service. Nevertheless nurses at three London hospitals voted to strike for 24 hours on February 3 and over the next few days nurses and staff at several London hospitals voted to take part. On January 26 Mrs Thatcher declared that a fundamental review of the NHS would be completed by the beginning of the next Parliament. On February 2 nurses from the Maudsley psychiatric hospital, belonging to Naps and Cobes, began a 24-hour strike. The following day up to 6,000 health service staff were involved in some form of demonstration. Police prevented a 1,000 strong march from entering Whitehall to protest outside Downing Street. Four people, including one nurse, were arrested.

● The Government said it would authorize three new national commercial radio stations, the first of which will start in 1990.

● Christopher Nolan, a paralysed Irish writer aged 22 who types with a stick attached to his forehead, won the £20,000 Whitbread prize for his autobiographical novel, *Under the Eye of the Clock*.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20

● An Israeli patrol ambushed and killed three members of a PLO commando unit just inside the Israeli border.

● Radio Moscow said that gold miners in the Soviet far east had discovered the remains of a prehistoric mammoth whose flesh was in such good condition it looked edible.

● Baron Philippe de Rothschild, wine grower, poet, translator, yachtsman and theatre director, died aged 85.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 21

● Brian Milton completed a record-breaking flight from London to Australia in a microlight aircraft. Despite several near-tragic mishaps, he covered the 11,000 miles in 36 days.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 22

● David Alton's Private Member's Bill on a reduction in the upper time limit on abortions was passed in the Commons by a majority of 45. The Bill proposes to cut the limit from 28 to 18 weeks although a number of MPs said they would maintain their support for the Bill only if it was amended to 22 or 24 weeks, or allowed later abortions on a much wider range of handicapped fetuses.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 24

● Arthur Scargill was re-elected as President of the National Union of Mineworkers but with a greatly reduced majority. He polled 54 per cent (40,383) of the vote against 46 per cent (34,715) of his rival, John Walsh, who said the result was "a clear indication that the majority of members are seeking a change in policy".

MONDAY, JANUARY 25

● Sir Patrick Mayhew, the Attorney-General, ruled out any possibility of prosecuting any RUC officers after investigations into a "shoot-to-kill" policy during which six men were shot in Northern Ireland in 1982. He said that it would not be in the public interest to prosecute. However, it later



The hazards of the Paris-Dakar Rally: a gruelling 22-day marathon which was eventually won by the Finn

emerged that up to 11 officers would face disciplinary action. Ken Livingstone accused the Attorney-General of being "an accomplice to murder" and was suspended from the Commons after refusing to withdraw the statement, while the Irish government was said to be furious with the decision.

● Buckingham Palace announced that the Duchess of York is expecting her first baby in August.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 26

● Jeremy Warner, the business correspondent of *The Independent*, was fined £20,000 in the High Court by Sir Nicholas Browne-Wilkinson, the Vice-Chancellor, for refusing to betray his sources to government inspectors investigating insider dealing. The judge said it was "a very serious contempt of court but not an appropriate one for a custodial sentence".

● Dr Jonathan Mann of the World Health Organisation said at an AIDS conference in London that 150,000 new cases of the disease were likely to occur this year and that between five and 10 million people were already infected with the virus. "We are still in the early phases of a global epidemic," he said.

● More than two million people, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, took part in a bicentenary party in Sydney Harbour to watch the re-

"The protection of sources is something that we all hold very dear and we are prepared to go to jail rather than breach that principle."

Jeremy Warner, *The Independent* journalist, after being fined £20,000 in the High Court, January 26.

enactment of the arrival of the first fleet of settlers.

● Yuri Romanenko, the Soviet cosmonaut, who spent a record 326 days in space, was reported by the Italian newspaper *La Stampa* to have returned a physical and mental wreck. His muscles were no longer functioning properly, he had lost a quarter of his blood and his bones had become brittle.

● Roger Freeman, the Armed Forces Minister, announced a six-point plan to try to end bullying in the Army after last year's allegations of the barrack-room torture of recruits. The measures include a formal ban on initiation ceremonies and the wider deployment of Women's Royal Voluntary Service members to provide assistance and support to young soldiers.



● Rocky, a terrier dog who was trapped underground for eight days on Brithird mountain near Merthyr Tydfil, was rescued after 30 tons of rock had been removed.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27

● Dr Marietta Higgs and Dr Geoffrey Wyatt, the two consultant paediatricians at the centre of the Cleveland child sexual abuse controversy, were both moved to new jobs. Last year both faced criticism as they examined 165 children and diagnosed 121 as having been abused. Publication of the findings of the inquiry chaired by Lord



Juha Kankkunen in a Peugeot 203

Justice Butler-Sloss is expected in May.

● The Court of Appeal dismissed the appeals of six Irishmen convicted in 1974 of the Birmingham pub bombings in which 21 people died. Gerry Collins, the Irish Justice Minister, said he was "amazed and saddened" at the decision and lawyers for the men, each of whom is serving 21 life sentences, said they were examining the case as a possible appeal to the House of Lords.

● Susan Pigott, wife of the failed jockey, was granted a licence to train

horses in her own right by the Jockey Club. "Now I'm going home to train some winners," she said.

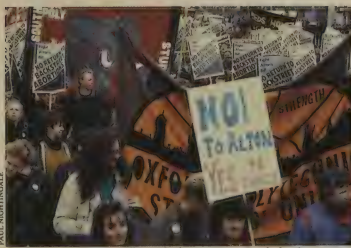
FRIDAY, JANUARY 29

● Kenneth Erskine was jailed for life at the Old Bailey for murdering seven elderly people in London in 1986. The judge recommended that Erskine, dubbed the "Stockwell Strangler", should serve a minimum of 40 years.

● The chances of Sunday horse racing were diminished when the Commons' Sunday observance lobby forced the Sunday Sports Bill, sponsored by Nicholas Soames, to overturn its debating time and forfeit a second reading vote.



French Socialist Party posters add controversy to the April election



David Alton's Abortion Bill provoked strong opposition before being passed

SAUDI ARABIA authorities said that prisoners would have their sentence reduced by half if they managed to pass an exam to prove they had memorized the Koran, which has 114 chapters.

● The Washington Redskins beat the Denver Broncos 42-10 in Super Bowl XXII in the Jack Murphy Stadium, San Diego.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1

● UK bank base rates rose from 8.5 to 9 per cent.

● Production in all but two of Britain's coal-mines was stopped by a 24-hour strike by pit deputies, who are responsible for safety. On February 3 British Coal announced the closure of two pits in South Wales with a loss of 1,600 jobs.

● Caspar Weinberger, the former US Defence Secretary, was awarded an honorary knighthood for his help during the Falklands hostilities.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 2

● Ferry services throughout Britain were disrupted as members of the National Union of Seamen took action in support of 161 seamen sacked by the title of Man Steam Packet Company. Lawyers representing Sealink and P&O said that if the strikes continued they would seek a writ of sequestration from the High Court. After four days the general secretary of the NUS, Sam McCusker, called a halt to the strikes but many seamen accused him of a

SUNDAY, JANUARY 31

● Victor Miller, a computer operator, was charged with the abduction and murder of newborn Stuart Gough whose body was discovered on the Malvern Hills. Stuart had been missing since January 17.

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"I like people, I trust people. Perhaps I'm too trusting and it's got me into trouble a few times. But that's a quality not a fault."

Rupert Murdoch, in an interview in the Financial Times soon after acquiring a 20 per cent stake in Pearson, February 1.

● "sellout" and refused to go back to work. By February 7 most ferry services had returned to normal.

● Gay rights activists absented from the galleries of the House of Lords in a demonstration over the controversial clause 28 of the Local Government Bill which bans the promotion of homosexuality in schools and local councils. Five women were detained and the clause was later approved by a majority of 80.

● Jacques Merin, deputy chief of the French secret service in the Lebanon, was killed by gunmen in East Beirut.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4

● Kenneth Baker, Secretary of State for Education, said that the Inner London Education Authority would be abolished in 1990 with the control of education being passed over to the 12 inner London boroughs.

● Ford's 32,500 manual workers ignored the advice of their union negotiators and rejected a three-year pay and productivity deal which included the introduction of Japanese-style efficiency measures. An indefinite all-out strike began at midnight on February 7.

● The US House of Representatives voted to reject President Reagan's request for \$36.2 million to support the Contra resistance in Nicaragua. Reagan said he would still "help" em, although President Ortega said it was "a vote for hope".

● Two Israeli soldiers and one Palestinian were killed as members of the PLO mounted a border raid near Galilee.

● Pigeons were deemed to be undesirable in a Philippine jail after prison officials discovered that inmates were training them to smuggle in marijuana.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5

● Red Nose Day in Britain was hailed as a great success as the Comic Relief charity raised £6.75 million in aid of famine relief in Africa.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6

● MPs demanded an inquiry after a near miss involving a British Airways Tristar and a Balkan Bulgarian Airlines jet over the Kent coast. Reports said that the two planes were at the same height and less than 300 metres apart before the British pilot took evasive action.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7

● Several people needed treatment after gas canisters were thrown during the boxing crowd in Stafford. Henry Cooper, the former British heavyweight, appealed for calm and the fight for the IBF middleweight title between Tony Sibson and the holder Frank Tate went ahead. Sibson was knocked out in the 10th round. ○

—SIMON HORSFORD



Next to a lake, in open countryside not far from the city centre of Cambridge and the M11, this Post House was built in the style of a tythe barn.

The panelled restaurant offers views over the lake and chef's herb garden. Waitline watchers can give their conscience a work-out at the indoor pool, sauna or gym.

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RUSBRIDGER

Alan Rusbridger rages at poison pen journalism; tangles with some bossy software; and anticipates the Olympic scruples in Seoul

WHAT IS to be done about *The Sun*? Murdoch's paper now strikes me as one of the most unpleasant things about living in Britain. Its influence reaches far beyond its circulation which, in any case, is enormous. It now debases and infects much of what passes for public debate in this country. It also stifles it. Who can honestly blame government and bureaucrats for keeping things secret when one of the consequences of openness is *The Sun* dipping its poisoned pen into your affairs?

Take the General Synod debate on homosexuality among clergy. A perfectly reasonable topic for discussion. But one that it became impossible to discuss reasonably. *The Sun* printed bellowing headlines exposing "Pulpit Poofs" and ran features advertising "10 Ways to Spot One". Other tabloids started flashing cheque books at anybody who had slept with a curate and wanted to talk about it. And pretty soon there was such a groundswell of homophobia throughout the country that the Synod itself had great difficulty in debating the matter in a calm and reasonable manner.

Or take the example of Martin Bowley QC, a distinguished barrister and part-time judge. In January a blackmailer sent *The Sun* a plain brown envelope containing some private letters Bowley had written to a male lover. *The Sun* knew the letters were stolen and that they came from a blackmailer. Did that stop it from publishing them? By no means. It splattered them all across page one—and page five for good measure.

You will find similar examples with virtually every issue of the paper. If you are very observant you will also notice occasional Press Council judgments against *The Sun*—last year it broke all Press Council records. The best place to look for these judgments in *The Sun* itself is on the racing page, such is its editor's respect for that august body.

So, what is to be done? Well, the first law of journalism is that the closer you are to your readers the more likely you are to behave



properly. That is why most local newspapers are models of informative, non-sensational, accurate reporting. You think twice about what you write if there is a chance you will meet your subject in the grocer's shop.

What goes for reporters goes for proprietors. Look no further than Lord Stevens, who came in for unrelenting flak when he tried to drag *The Star* down into the gutter market. He did not like the flak and three months later he heaved *The Star* upmarket once more.

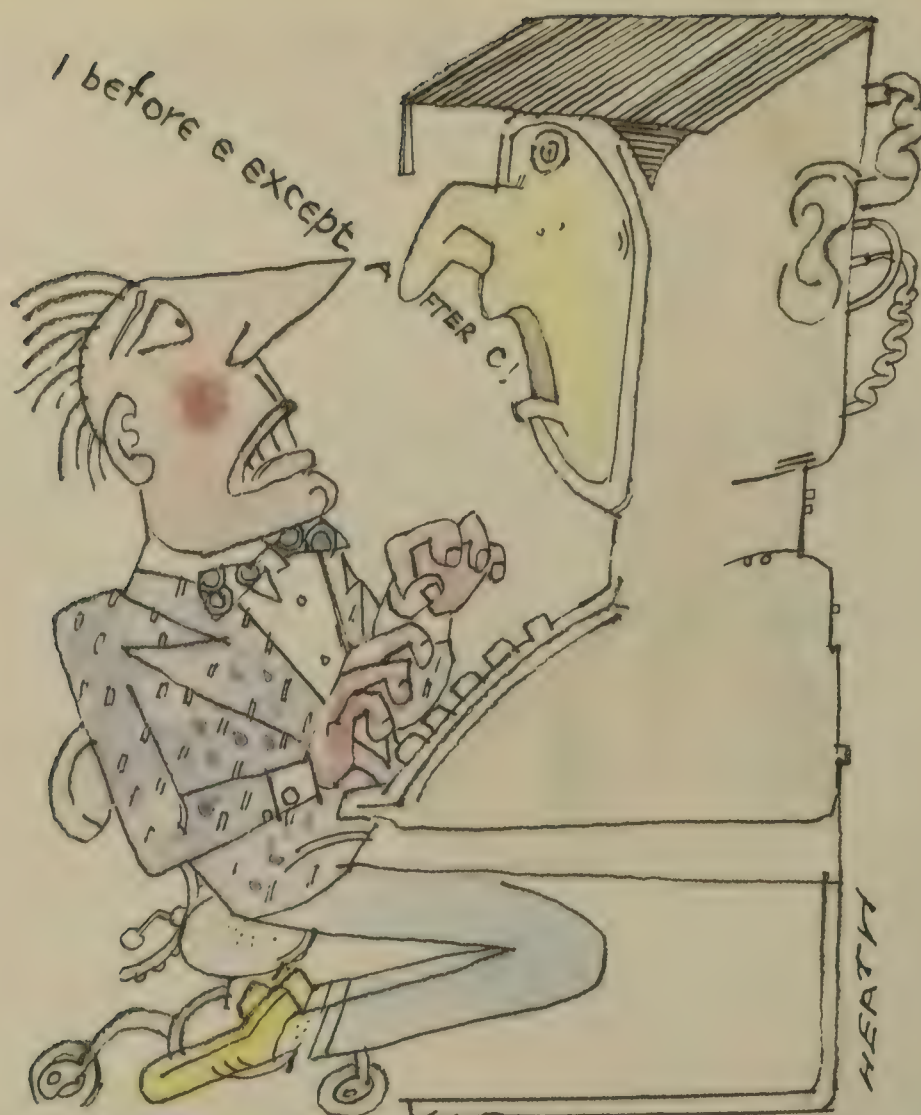
The answer, then, is to have the sort of law they have in lots of countries. If you want to own a newspaper—with all the influence and power that goes with it—you should be a British citizen living in

Britain. You should be forced to read your product every day along with the rest of your compatriots. And if your compatriots do not like what they read you should be around to give them answers. It would be no great hardship for Murdoch. He became a Yank when it suited him. Now he can try being a Pom.

Not, it must be said, that other papers are blameless. This is particularly true in the case of the wave of homophobia that has spread in the wake, I suppose, of the AIDS epidemic. Once they discovered the exhilaration of being free to run the word "poof" in a headline, one or two bravely tip-toed a step further and tried out "queer" too. So you end up

with *The Star* reporting on a maniac killer with a grudge against homosexuals and parading it under the headline "Queer-hate probe". The connexion between headlines of that sort and people beating up gays with hammers is maybe too subtle to grasp. Even for Lord Stevens.

THE RISE and rise of Paddy Ashdown, the personable Member for Yeovil, appears to be irresistible. But it is not unforeseen—not, at least by Ashdown. Step back in time with me to the spring of 1984 and a dinner party in Ashdown's home in picturesque Norton-sub-Hamdon. The cheese and port are pushed to one side and the



diners reach for the Ouija board.

Now you or I, given such an opportunity to converse with the other side, might attempt to contact a long-lost aunt. Not Ashdown. He inquires of the Ouija board what his middle-to-long term political prospects might be. A spirit named "John" informs Ashdown that by 1988 he will be Home Secretary, no less, with Dr David Owen as Foreign Secretary. Well, the year is young. . . .

Word-processors also seem to have their own political opinions. Many of them come equipped with spelling programmes which are designed to sniff out the defects in one's education and discreetly correct them. The cheaper versions are, alas, both bossy and indiscriminating as they bustle about the copy ferreting out mistakes. For example, I have just set my own recently-acquired programme loose on all of the above. It suggests Rapport Murdoch is preferable to his namesake Rupert. Paddy Ashdown should, it thinks, be Paddy Out-done and Dr David Owen should hereafter be known as Dr Devoid Owed. It was only dear old Lord Hailsham who completely defeated the software. "Sorry," it said, contemplating the formidable obstacle in front of it. "No suggestions."

THE PROSPECT of the Seoul Olympics cannot be put off for much longer. Thousands of highly-trained journalists will soon descend on the place and send back millions of words. There will be books, films and wall-to-wall documentaries. Don't say you haven't been warned.

Allow me, then, to get in early with my own experience of Korea. It was on a newspaper assignment some six or seven years ago. I was there to write about the Korean economy. Needless to say, I now remember nothing at all about the Korean economy. But I vividly recall the trip as being the first (and last) time anyone ever tried to bribe me as a journalist. The occasion was even more striking, as the bribe was a woman.

The offer came from the head of one of Korea's largest manufacturing companies. I cannot remember his name and, in any case, have only a hazy knowledge of the Korean libel laws. So let us call him Mr Suk.

Suk was anxious that I should write about his company since he was about to launch one of his products on the British market. So he arranged to take me out to dinner at the Korean equivalent of a geisha parlour and proceeded to

pour Korean whisky inside me at a ferocious rate.

I was introduced to my companion for the evening—a girl of about 20 who spoke moderate English. During the evening she explained that she was a student and was forced to take this kind of work because her mother was dying of cancer and it was the only way she could pay her university fees. Our conversation was periodically interrupted by Suk whispering in my other ear that the girl was mine and I could do with her whatever I wished.

The meal over, we went—Suk, myself and our two escorts—to a night club. Suk soon tired of the club and at about 11.30 announced he was going to take me back to my hotel. The four of us walked there while Suk's car was chauffeured round to the front.

In the foyer I moved to say goodbye to my host. But he would have none of it. He insisted on taking me and my escort to my room. Once inside he prodded the bed with his umbrella, winked and left. A combination of whisky and scruples ruled out a good many of the options that presented themselves. The only problem was to get the girl out of the hotel and on her way before the midnight

curfew. This was complicated by the girl's unwillingness to depart—not out of any uncontrollable lust for my unsteady body but because she was afraid of being caught out accepting the \$70 Suk had given her in the lift in return for nothing. I eventually persuaded her that Suk was by now almost certainly otherwise engaged and we managed to get her into a taxi with 10 minutes to spare.

The two consequences were a rotten hangover and a rather priggish self-imposed ban on any mention of Suk's company in the subsequent copy. I do not suppose Suk lost any sleep over this. The evening's entertainment suggested a tried, tested—and presumably reasonably successful—formula. I shall read a few of the reports this summer with interest.

A CURRENT rage in the advertising profession is for the "teaser". This is what the creative boys call adverts that mean nothing at all to you and me, but which supposedly whet our curiosity to find out what the hell is going on.

For instance, a few weeks ago London was adorned with pictures of a Martini glass with an olive in it and the legend "He never gets shaken"—or something along those lines. One knew it referred to LWT, because it said so. But otherwise one was completely in the dark. (At least, I was. My wife correctly, as it turned out, surmised it was something to do with James Bond. But even she was not sure what.)

Then there sprang up another enormous poster campaign showing without any explanation the silhouette of a car in the middle of a forest fire. What did it mean? Eventually one gathered that it heralded a campaign for a mid-price French family saloon. Reading the trade press, one also gathered that the forest fire was, in fact, a field of burning sugar cane and that the burning sugar cane was supposed to bear connotations of masculinity. It was supposed to do that because the car in question was supposed to appeal to men more than women. It seems an awful waste of sugar cane.

No doubt admen will tell me the campaigns have succeeded because, in both cases, I can remember the brand name involved. This omits to take account of what we consumers know as the Nostril Penetration Factor. This broadly dictates that anyone who has spent 10 minutes in a traffic jam trying fruitlessly to puzzle out an LWT ad will go home and watch BBC 2 ○

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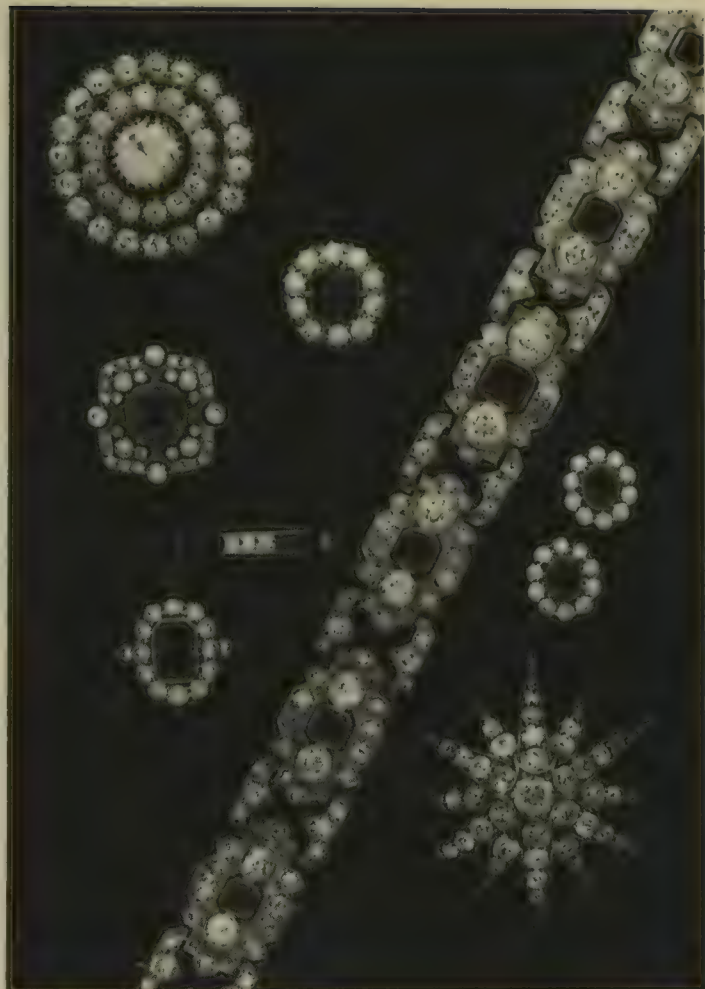
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HIGHLIGHTS

War cries on London's streets

IN MARCH the London-based War Crimes Campaign will be stepping up its efforts to pressurize the Government to take action against alleged war criminals. Set to coincide with the controversy surrounding Austrian president Kurt Waldheim's plans to lead his train in remembering the Nazi takeover (March 11 is the 50th anniversary of the Anschluss), the Campaign will be seeking to direct attention nearer home to men alleged to have committed worse crimes than Waldheim and now living in Britain. Although most are now very old, a series of petitions and demonstrations have been organized with the catch phrase "no time limit on justice".

The Campaign was set up in November as a collaboration between the Union of Jewish Students and *Searchlight* magazine, a publication devoted to anti-fascist news. Although there are no formal links with the influential War Crimes Group in Parliament (which now has the support of over 50 MPs from all parties), the two organizations work closely together and with the famous Simon Wiesenthal "Nazi-hunting" Centre, based in Los Angeles.

Among the men in their sights is Antanas Gecas, accused of being personally involved in the mass murder of Jews and partisans in Lithuania and now living in Edinburgh. Gecas flatly denies the accusations, saying that he has been only a member of a police unit which provided back-up for the German army which was really responsible for the atrocities. A statement from his lawyer runs:

"Mr Gecas has never attempted to conceal his origins, his name or his actions in the war... On two occasions he has freely given his help to US officials investigating other alleged war criminals."

When the Campaign started, *Searchlight* received many calls from people saying they knew of people who had alluded to, or even boasted about, their Nazi war record. Some calls were hoaxes but the Campaign now claims to have nine "positive" identifications.

At present the Home Office thinks it is unlikely that the Criminal Justice Bill will be amended to allow for prosecution of war-crimes suspects, but Douglas Hurd has recently set up an inquiry to investigate the evidence before him. □

—ROGER SABIN



Philip Poole, an authority on pen nibs which



he sells to writing perfectionists and illustrators from his shop in Drury Lane

Glasnost at the Met

AT THE risk of sounding too optimistic, it is worth noting that the days of Labour councillors ying with each other to denounce the Metropolitan police might be over. A new spirit of *glasnost* is permitting relations between left-wing London councils and the force.

Out of 16 Labour councils in London, only two—Hackney and Lambeth—are continuing to boycott the local consultative bodies set up over recent years by the Met, and even they are talking informally to police.

Evidence of this change came just before Christmas when the Met Commissioner, Peter Imbert, and senior officers hosted a lunch for leading members of the Association of London Councils, the body that represents ILGA and London's Labour councils. They got on so well that the councilors are repaying the hospitality this Easter.

"There's been a move, particularly in the last couple of months, towards a new realism, a new rapprochement," says Walter

Easey, police adviser to the Labour Party. This comes two years after the Broadwater Farm riots, and Bernie Grant's declaration as Haringey council leader that the police had been given "a bloody good hiding".

After three successive election defeats, it is clear that the Labour party that voters have not been impressed by the delight its hotter-headed members have in kicking the police at every opportunity. Neil Kinnock's disapproval has been relayed forcefully.

Some councillors have been just before Christmas when the Met Commissioner, Peter Imbert, and senior officers hosted a lunch for leading members of the Association of London Councils, the body that represents ILGA and London's Labour councils. They got on so well that the councilors are repaying the hospitality this Easter.

The *glasnost* approach will also help the police, who have suffered in recent years from moral

and a decline in public confidence. Better relations with councils should help them organize crime prevention schemes much more thoroughly. They will not get court orders to open up their records but they are more likely to get permission to use council property next time they want to stake out a group of drugs dealers.

This spirit of co-operation has

yet to blow through Lambeth and Hackney, where past troubles in Brixton and Stoke Newington will scar relations for a long time. But the Lambeth council leader, Linda Bellor, has recently published her support of police action against hardened criminals, and Hackney is now talking to police about ways to combat racial attacks. □

—KIM FLETCHER

Meeting His Nibs

PHILIP POOLE tells visitors to his specialist writing instrument shop that His Nibs has changed over the past 30 years. Those equipped with only a ballpoint pen somewhere at the bottom of their bag find this hard to believe. For this dark little shop is lined with thin drawers full of ancient pen nibs and quills, and has advertisements for Victorian rather than 20th-century products, a ceiling of murky cream, and very few goods which are still made today.

Indeed, in 1988 only a dozen or so pen nibs are made. But thanks to his endless searching through closed-down warehouses and buying-up of old stock, Poole carries 10,000 sorts of nib. There is

the Waverley nib, not produced for 30 years and still a great favourite for all those over a certain age. I will refrain from listing the 9,999 other nibs, which fall into four categories, for general writing, music, calligraphy and drawing.

Musicians are desperate for the fine nibs which make it easier for drawing crochets, quavers and so on, in thick and thin lines. Cartoonists, particularly those who use a pen nib like a chisel, want hard-wearing nibs. Poole has a collection of doodles from his more famous customers including Ronald Searle, Ralph Steadman, Heath and friends.

For those who prefer to write

with something more archaic than a pen nib—invented as late as 1822—Poole has a large stock of quills. Donald Jackson, calligrapher to the royal family and the House of Lords, writes with a quill on the grounds that it gives great flexibility. For ordinary use there are turkey and goose feather quills for £2, although these are becoming harder to find now that the birds are plucked by machine.

Somewhat more flamboyant are Poole's collection of 4-foot-long peacock feathers. Yes, these are used for drawing although they are very hard to control and probably best suited to those who prefer abstract work. Poole even has some 19th-century quills, presumably from Victorian birds, including a set in a box with an illustration by Kate Greenaway.

A pen nib, of course, cannot operate on its own so Poole stocks straightforward holders in plastic, reed, bamboo, wood and, for those who want to write with a hint of beauty, he has antique holders: a translucent mother-of-pearl holder carved like a fisherman; a sleek porcupine quill; and a green Fabergé creation.

For those who dislike dipping their nib into a bottle of Quink, Poole collects extraordinary travellers' inkwells for travellers because they are supposed to be guaranteed not to leak. They range from the kitsch, such as one looking like a cottage loaf, to fine, 18th-century silver barrels. □

—SARAH FOOT

His Nibs, 182 Drury Lane, WC2 (405 7097).

Intruders on your screen

IF YOU twiddle your television dial just to the right of ITV on Friday nights at midnight, you may tune in to something you did not bargain for. It may be fuzzy and primitive, but it's definitely a picture. And the programme is not exactly *Late Night with Letterman*

either... This is a new phenomenon: the age of television piracy is here.

Network 21 are the kings of the pirates. An 11-strong team of enthusiasts (men and women, black and white, all youthful-looking), they consider themselves

the fifth channel of British television. They started their career in 1986, when for a couple of months they put out a programme that one viewer remembers as "like a home video, lasting about 30 minutes, with arty theatrical sketches interspersed with a few adverts". Network 21 say more is on the way as part of their "winter offensive", which they hope will establish a regular following in 1988.

One section of the public not likely to be converted is the Department of Trade & Industry, the government body responsible for clamping down on illegal transmissions. At present they are not too worried, as a spokesman explained: "It is not a big problem. TV pirates are easy to detect mainly because in order to be received [by the whole of London] they have to set up at a location towards which people's aeriels are already facing—namely in the Crystal Palace area." It is also true that "snooper" technology is of sufficient sophistication to pinpoint a source with amazing accuracy.

Nevertheless, it is possible the DTI's optimism is unfounded. At present they have no monitoring unit specifically for television and

Puffs of wisdom

London 100 Years ago: *ILN*, March 17, 1888.

FROM THE most taciturn of civilized nations we are rapidly becoming the most loquacious... It is now proposed that 20 minutes should be the limit to all Parliamentary speeches, with certain necessary exceptions. If a man cannot express his ideas in 20 minutes, he must, indeed, be very full of ideas; but some people talk for talking's sake. Would it be irrelevant... to propose that every hon member, while on his legs, should smoke? In Scotland, Sir Walter tells us that "abuse the pass" it used to be permitted... to smoke in church. My experience of smokers is that they only speak when they have really something to say, and don't speak long, because they have not much breath to spare. The end of his cigar would be a reasonable limit of time for the Parliamentary orator. If he was very popular he might be allowed a second.

—JAMES PAYN

any detection work has to be covered by the notoriously under-manned radio division. Even if they were to get a lead it is unlikely that the pirates would be caught given the time it takes to process a search warrant. Transmissions are kept to a "safe" maximum of 30 minutes for this reason.

Network 21 are not stupid. They have learned to set up their transmitter (no bigger than an average forklift) away from the obvious area. This certainly cuts down the reception-radius (to a maximum 10-15 miles) and the number of people they will reach, but it also cuts down the danger of getting caught. They were busted once, over Easter 1986, and are determined not to make the same mistakes twice. Then they got off lightly; now arrest would mean confiscation of equipment, a £2,000 fine and possibly a jail sentence.

There are several basic objections to pirate television. First, the illegal station needs money to buy a powerful transmitter and an aerial. The easiest way to obtain it is to tout for advertising (Network 21 are no exception). The IBA say that (apart from threatening their revenue) this inevitably means

"they won't be living by the rules the rest of us have to abide by" with regard to current, very strict, advertising regulations governing such products as cigarettes. The same also applies to programme content and the innumerable rule-books and watchdog committees which decide what we can and cannot see on our screens. "Unfair competition!" whine the IBA, much in the same way as they did about radio in the early 1960s when stations like Caroline were taking off.

Connected to this point, but more alarming from the Government's vantage, is the possibility that not all pirate output will be as harmless as Network 21's. In the radio world, overtly political pirate broadcasting has reached

epidemic proportions: Radio Active, Radio Wapping and Our Radio are all London stations that have emerged in the 1980s with a radical libertarian message. Some have developed a talent for breaking into legal wavelengths. On one infamous occasion in 1984 pirates broke into Radio Trent at news time to give their version of events during the miners' strike.

One anarchist group has even produced a book *Radio is my Bomb* explaining ways to construct an FM transmitter for "subversive" purposes. If developments like these ever extend to pirate television, the DTI will have more to worry about than half an hour of alternative radio world, overtly political pirate broadcasting has reached

—ROGER SABIN

Food first on Frith Street

CHARLOTTE STREET was once a safe bet for eating out but now the focus of fashionable culinary activity has reverted south of Oxford Street.

Down the length of Frith Street, from Soho Square to Shaftesbury Avenue, there are 18 restaurants. Some of them have been there for years but there is a clutch of relatively new establishments which reflect the developing appetites of London's foodies. We require more these days from a restaurant than just good food—we have to like its style.

Five years ago, when the Bhudichai family opened Chiang Mai at 48 Frith Street and, around the same time, Philip and Noi Harris opened Bahn Thai in West Kensington, there were fewer than 10 Thai restaurants in London. Now there are nearly 100 including the second Bahn Thai at 21a Frith Street.

There is not much to choose between Chiang Mai and Bahn Thai; both serve good food. Chiang Mai was apparently designed to resemble a traditional Thai still house, but it looks very modern from the outside with slatted blinds and the menu displayed on a music stand. Bahn Thai, across the street on the former site of Bianchi's, has a more intimate feel, with warm lights suffused through pretty parlours. One looks cool and the other looks cosy, but neither can compete with the Frith Street décor which breaks all the rules of interior design. Rasa Sayang, the 10-year-old Malaysian/Singaporean restaurant at number 10, has a kitsch 1970s disco complete with mirrored ball in the basement.

Frith Street also has the large, vulgar brasseries. Braganza has

been in business at number 56 for 18 months and is owned by Kennedy Brookes. Soho Soho is owned by two renegades from that company, Neville Abraham and Laurence Isaacson, who set themselves up last year in direct competition across the street. Both places are better for posing than eating.

Braganza was transformed by the design team of Fitch & Co from a dingy link in the Wheeler's chain into one of the most aggressively stylish restaurants in town. It has only recently acquired a wine bar licence for the bar at street level, and still needs a welcoming crowd to humanize the austerity of the décor. Soho Soho, a name which invites the sobriquet so-so, has a licence, but it looks like the coffee shop of an international hotel. The theme of its interior is a celebration of the artistic and literary heritage of Soho—portraits of Belloc, Beardsley and Bacon are among others lining the walls.

Strangely absent from this gallery is Paul Raymond, the publisher, impresario and entrepreneur who owns much of contemporary Soho, including the freehold on the eponymous premises of chef/proprietor, Alastair Little, at number 49. Critics tend to get muddled when attempting to categorize Little's singular cuisine and are reduced to finding fault with the furniture or the lighting. They are all agreed that the food is irreproachable.

Frith's across the street at number 14, did not make it into *The Good Food Guide* this year because the chef, Carla Tomasi, was engaged upon an abortive voyage to Jernyngham. It was written. Now Ms Tomasi



The House of Commons, as seen by Chris Orr in the New Microcosm of London.

has returned to Frith's, not only as chef but also as owner. Her menu is more predictable than Mr Little's but the interior of her restaurant more homely. Tomasi,

from Italy, and Little, from Lancashire, are both self-taught exponents of an eclectic style, using taste buds not recipe books. —RUSSELL CRONIN

When the law is an ass

PUB LICENSING laws may need updating but London has much in the way of curious, antiquated legislation that is long overdue for reform...

The title of Freeman of the City is not given lightly. Among of its privileges such an award confers are the right to walk through the City with a drawn sword, the right to drive sheep across London Bridge, and the optional right to be hanged by a silk rope.

Taxi drivers have to contend with some devilish laws. Although there is no reported case of a policeman (or indeed, a passenger) having done so, a taxi driver can be commanded to reveal his bale of hay. If he does not have one in the boot, then he is clearly ill-treating his horse and at the very least does not deserve a tip. Similarly a driver is not allowed to leave his vehicle unattended except at a cab rank, as a horse left unattended is deemed a menace to the public.

In return, a taxi driver is entitled to refuse a ride to anyone suffering from plague, Lassa fever, leprosy, rabies, cholera, whooping cough and several other diseases. This

law was framed under a 1984 Public Health Act. If the cabbie is feeling generous, he could convey a person recovering from a notifiable disease as long as that person agrees to pay for the cost of disinfecting the cab.

If visiting Burlington Arcade off Piccadilly do not whistle or raise an umbrella as it may bring retribution from a uniformed beadle. Do not be too impressed by this display of law and order. During the Victorian era the arcade was a busy bordello, where high-rent hookers occupied the first-floor bow windows and beades certainly numbered among their customers.

The Silver Cross pub in Whitehall is now the nation's only legal brothel. As far as can be established the licence granted by Charles I has not been revoked, although rooms upstairs are no longer available for hire, even after hours.

Finally, for those who prefer outdoor entertainment, the Wimbledon Common Golf Club insists on all players wearing a pillar-box-red outer garment to warn pedestrians that they are at risk from flying balls. —DAVID BRAZIL



inspired by Ackermann's work of 1808-10



Café Pelican in Covent Garden; the owners, Richard and Carolyn Lewendon, plan to open another Pelican soon in Hays Galleria

South of France south of the river

CAFÉ PELICAN, an early pioneer of the West End's brasher boom, is branching out. Next month Richard and Carolyn Lewendon will hatch a new Pelican in Hay's Galleria, centrepiece of the Hay's Wharf redevelopment near London Bridge.

The Lewendons are staying faithful to their Francophilia in the new establishment. This time the ambience takes its cue from the south of France rather than Paris—brighter colours, simpler fittings—and the menu will be based on recipes and produce also from the south.

In the four years since it opened

on the fringes of Covent Garden, Café Pelican has become a popular haunt with West End users and regulars make up more than 60 per cent of its clientele.

Neither Lewendon was in catering before they opened the Pelican—Richard was a London architect, Carolyn a leisure officer

Micro man's macro plan

BAULKING the received wisdom of the entire publishing industry is a daunting proposition. At a time when virtually every publication in the land is either scurrying to down-market or engaging in a state-of-the-art redesign, Jerry Lescie, the man behind the *New Microcosm of London*, is steadfastly treading his own path.

The *New Microcosm* has superb production standards and takes its inspiration not from the style magazines of the 1980s but from Ackermann's 1808-10 *Microcosm of London* which recorded the city's great public buildings and institutions in aquatints, with accompanying text, over three years it grew into a unique document of turn-of-the-century life.

Lescie envisages the first series of the *New Microcosm* running to 10 parts, three of which are available already. Each has a print run of only 250 and, in large format, features particular areas of London, complete with a num-

bered, original print from a pool of artists. Places covered so far include Smithfield Market and the well-known boxing pub, the Thomas à Becket. The launch issue includes a fascinating, hand-coloured panoramic print of Paddington Station by Chris Orr. In issue number three, Orr illustrates the House of Commons (left) showing more than 90 recognizable MPs.

This initial series of *New Microcosm* is sold on a subscription basis, the idea being that everybody receives the same numbered copy each time and that the 10 issues constitute not only an unusual record of London but also a substantial body of original art. Next up is Tottenham (although no publication date is set as yet), and it will feature work by Anthony Davies. —CHRIS RILEY

To obtain the New Microcosm contact Jerry Lescie on 749 9874. A set of 10 issues costs £750.

for Hammersmith Council. Soon they will employ over 100 people, with an annual turnover in excess of £3 million.

Later this year they also hope to open a pâtisserie and French food shop next door to the original Café Pelican in St Martin's Lane. —NICK SMURTHWAITE

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SACRED COW



One of the least attractive characteristics of the British is a tendency to lose touch with their critical faculties. In spite of our capacity to discern feet of clay among the mighty, the British are unusually feeble when it comes to examining the good reputations of their beloved institutions and personalities.

Take the BBC World Service. How many times have you heard someone say "Isn't the World Service marvellous? I always listen to it when I can't sleep." The quality of the BBC World Service is assumed in a remark like this, and its real merit goes unchallenged. How many people actually listen to the World Service in the middle of the night? And is it not the case that when they finally locate it, it always seems to be broadcasting an impenetrable update on Pan-African research into the life-cycle of the mosquito larva, or replaying an episode of Round Britain Quiz which you've already heard?

There are certainly fine aspects to the World Service, but the lack of any serious criticism means that its true worth is concealed beneath its inflated reputation. In short it is a Sacred Cow.

The same is true of many other institutions and individuals. They are admired for what people imagine them to be rather than for what they are. The much respected Lord Denning, for example, though unquestionably a fine Master of the Rolls, is not totally without his flaws. Not every utterance from his lips should be treated with quite the supine deference that it is almost always accorded. He, too, is in danger of being a Sacred Cow.

There are many other contemporary Sacred Cows, most of them in London. Let's take a few at random. Would it not be true to say that the reputations of Bruce Oldfield, the fashion designer; Lord Olivier, who needs no introduction; the London Library; the Volvo Estate (Sacred Car) and St Paul's Girls' School all to some extent exceed their realistic worth. This is not to say that they are worthless, or indeed that they do not deserve praise, it is simply the unquestioning assumption of their quality which irritates.

Why does this process take place? Who inflates these Sacred Cows? Often, as in the case of Dick Francis, their elevation to this exalted status derives from considerable original merit. There is no denying the quality of many of Francis's early thrillers. But what his readers seem not to have grasped is his subsequent gradual decline into routineness and lack-lustre plots. He is perceived as a good thing, even if his readers' instincts tell them otherwise.

This sort of inflated reputation may last

well beyond a person's death. Politicians in particular assume an integrity and virtue after their demise, which is not always justified. To criticize the late Anthony Crosland or Aneurin Bevan, for example, is tantamount to swearing in church. Any fatuous remark made by a Labour politician and then credited to Nye Bevan is assumed to be wise and reasonable, though on what grounds it is sometimes hard to see.

There may be some instances in which Sacred Cows tend to band together in a herd—as is the case with *The Spectator* magazine—another modern Sacred Cow if ever there was one.

What other publication that consistently included among its contributors the terminally irrelevant Alice Thomas Ellis and the permanently inebriated Jeffrey Bernard could command quite such respect. There is a reputation here which defies any sane critical judgment. Good though it may have been at times, (though not recently), it does not contain the judgment of Solomon each week.

Let us examine another candidate for the title Sacred Cow—Messrs Colefax & Fowler, interior decorators to the overaffluent. On what is their presumed pre-eminence based? Can it be their choice in chintz? Or is it their obsession with marbled Ionic columns? No one is to say that there may not be some people who find their style attractive, but is that reason enough to endow their names with a hushed reverence?

Defining Sacred Cows is not always an easy business. Broadcaster Robert Robinson, for example, could be a candidate for this prized appellation, were it not for the fact that there are already quite a number of people who have spotted Mr Robinson's talent for pedantry, exposed at length at the end of each week on Radio Four. The Gay Hussar restaurant, that refuge of the eternally hungry Roy Hattersley, for example, also comes very close to it. So do The Goons, Twickenham Rugby Ground, the *Oxford English Dictionary*, Gerald Scarfe and Trivial Pursuit.

The trick is to spot an undefiled reputation and hold it up to the daylight. Are there tiny fissures? Was Spike Milligan really as funny as we all think he was? Isn't Twickenham damned uncomfortable? Is the *OED* without its faults? Hasn't the day of Gerald Scarfe passed? Isn't there something curiously mindless about Trivial Pursuit?

It may be that the reputation remains intact. The search for a Sacred Cow does not always end in slaughter.

In the months ahead *The Illustrated London News* will be examining the reputations of a number of London's Sacred Cows to see whether they stand up to scrutiny. First Bibendum . . . but no one, not even *The Independent* newspaper, is safe.



PALACE OF VANITIES

The Illustrated London News takes a long, close look at those institutions lauded by the great and the good and asks, what is all the fuss about? In this, the first of our Sacred Cows series, Jane Ellison examines Bibendum



Everyone enthuses rapturously about the new Conran shopping experience. Restored and refurbished, the Bibendum, formerly flagship of the Michelin tyre company, now gleams in the London rain. "The most exciting new store since Biba," said *The Sunday Times*. Sir Terence is even more expansive. "About the most exciting building in London," he said upon its acquisition.

The Conran Shop has never lacked its devotees. Originally the site of the first Habitat shop, it has regularly drawn its crowd of the well-dressed and well-heeled who long to bring some Continental sparkle to the dreary British interior. For the past 20 years, Terence Conran has managed to inject a note of style—the duvet, the pine table, the pepper mill—into our

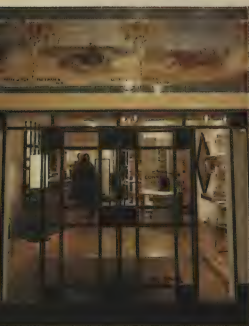


How much is that yo-yo in the window? Designer yo-yos for executive and child

humdrum pursuit of value for money.

But is it really all so smart? Take a closer look at the Conran Shop on a busy Saturday. Stand back from the dazzling glass atrium, the curving, inviting staircase. Ignore the great bowls of hyacinths flooding the ground and lower floor with a heady perfume and the gleaming chrome rails and smooth tiled floor suggesting a great ocean liner. Who are all these people? And what are they doing? Some have got no farther than the entrance, reached via the former loading bay of the Michelin garage. Already they are exclaiming at the décor, giving little squeals of delight as they burst through the wide glass doors. Inside they get no farther than the Antibes desk, a shiny black ornament to any office for a mere £1,440. And here is a man who would certainly like to sit behind it. "I

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JON HOFFMAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY JON HOFFMAN AND RONNIE ANDERSON

don't want to give away more than 10 per cent on the deal," he is saying loudly. His long, full-skirted black coat (cashmere?) and his almost unflawed cream leather suitcase look like props he has just picked up from the shop. Here is certainly a man who has left the yuppie world far behind, just like his companions who swirl in similar dark coats through the merchandise. This is a man to whom the Continent is no foreign land, dark with suspicion and strange food. His companions pause. One of them longingly fingers the oriental temple hanging (£1,200).

The shop is very busy. Almost everyone who comes in is wearing black—mostly leather jackets and long leather coats. All the assistants wear black too—if you can attach such a prosaic name to the elegant, laid-back young persons who sit negligently leaning on the cash register. Downstairs there is an excited group hanging over a glass cabinet containing a selection of small objects. What are they looking at so closely? Perhaps the designer tool kit at a mere £31.50 for a stylish selection of screwdrivers and a small hammer? Perhaps the designer Sellotape holder, an affordable present at £19.50, or the pencil sharpener in its own personal leather case, £6.25, and a firm

favourite with Sir Terence himself. No, they have passed by these items and are hanging in admiration over some bits of brass, resembling a collection of strange bolts and knobs. These, it turns out, are "small Indian brass objects", and appear to fulfil no useful purpose at all. They are £25 each.

Farther along the basement there is a laboratory of coffee makers and pots, an indication that the ceremony of making coffee takes rightful priority in the lives of all these Conran devotees. Here are gleaming stainless steel Alessi percolators, protected from the finger smudge by glass cases. Here is a stainless steel kettle. Why is it behind a glass case? Because it is a designer kettle, yours for a mere £40. Anyone needing further reading on the subject of coffee making will find on the bookshelves a bound volume of *Research on the Neapolitan Coffee Maker, 1979-87*, printed in a split-page arrangement of Italian and English. The books section is particularly popular. Here you can get instant guidance on interior design—all you have to do is make the difficult decision of what country you want to give the impression of living in. Descending down the shelves you can select your book on French style, Italian style, Japanese style or even Caribbean style; English



Opposite page, top, the ultimate in lighting. Below, left, enter the fantasy world of Bibendum and, right, try to decide which chair to have. This page, top, time for a break in the Oyster Bar. Left, back to planning your penthouse again. Above, the last word in chic—a designer watering can given the Conran seal of approval



PHOTOGRAPH BY JON HOFFMAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY RONNIE ANDERSON

Top, rows of neatly-stacked candles. Above, what other shop has such an imposing entrance?

style comes bottom of the shelf. There are books here on cookery, gardening, decorating, most of them by Sir Terence himself.

For those in search of something more distinctive than the set of four triangular tables, made of unfilled and unpolished travertine, a visit to the oriental section is worthwhile. Here is someone else, (yes, she is dressed in black too) going into raptures over some bits of marble displayed on the tiled floor rather like exhibits at the British Museum. The bits of marble turn out to be "washing tables from Rajasthan", £220 or £300 depending on size. There are also some more slabs called "marble parats for grinding corn". These are £375 each. Since there can be few corn grinders among their potential purchasers, it is hard to see just where these parats will take their place. Perhaps you could stand them in the bathroom, underneath your kimono set (£210.50 for co-ordinating night-shirt and slippers); or next to your hand-painted elephant, £59.50, or Chinese dowry trunk, £980.

Children are not forgotten in this style emporium. Indeed there is no lack of them as piles of buggies accumulate at the top of the stairs, and childish voices are raised in urgent inquiry, "Can I have . . .?" If the child can penetrate the mass of adults drooling over the

collection of Babar porringers and mugs, he may decide that the Orient Express train set is sufficiently amusing at £75; here even the crayons are French.

Concentrated browsing like this is naturally exhausting. Others felt the strain too. "Is there anywhere we can go for coffee?" someone asked plaintively, only to be silenced by one of the Beautiful Ones behind the till. "No, actually there isn't. Just the Bibendum restaurant." Ah, yes, the restaurant. You gain access to Sir Terence's pride and joy (he designed it himself) through the Bibendum Oyster Bar, a magnificent tiled ante-chamber serving oysters and langoustines. Upstairs you subside into a world of light and air, surrounded by the beguiling stained glass windows depicting the ubiquitous Michelin man. You are warmly welcomed by the impeccably mannered staff to wide round tables and curious armchairs which appear to be wearing pale blue dresses. (The dresses, it turns out, are specially made for Bibendum by Jasper Conran, and are to be varied according to season and colour; still on the family theme, the Oyster Bar is run by Sir Terence's other son Tom.) Up here the eaters are perhaps a little older than one would expect, setting about substantial lunches with an almost French diligence. There is nothing "minceur" about

Simon Hopkinson's dishes. Served on thick white china, the food is neither over-decorated nor meagre; it is extremely good.

My companion and I demolished a plate of langoustines, sampled the celery soup, and attacked excellent plates of scallops and skate with black butter. Puddings were equally good, a delicious *crème brûlée* and an exotic chocolate confection, washed down by the pleasant house white. With a glass of champagne and a Bloody Mary to start with, the entire bill came to £47.25—a snip compared to the shop below. The only blot on the entire event was a stylish solecism committed by my companion who whipped the celery stick from his Bloody Mary to emphasize a point, and spattered the pure white tablecloth with bright tomato-red droplets.

But then, lapses in style are not treated lightly here. Revered by foodies, Hopkinson clearly inspires terror in his staff too. Anyone not prepared to accept the wide and well judged list of dishes on offer here should be warned not to try and add their own original touch to the menu. At the next table, two young and beautiful people were toying with the choice of starter. "Can I just have a green salad," the girl said. "I don't want anything fattening." Indeed, her proportions were model-like. The waiter turned pale. "Just a salad?" he repeated in a shocked voice. "Yes, as a starter." The waiter stood his ground. "Look, I don't want to be difficult, but I just can't go in there and say you've asked for a salad. Simon will be absolutely furious and he'll just send me back out again . . ." The poor chap looked absolutely terrified. Style got its way. The girl gave up the attempt to reorganize Simon's kitchen.

In a way the episode is typical of the entire Bibendum experience. Style is what matters, or rather the idea of style elevated to these dizzying heights by Sir Terence. Is it really smart to pay £30 for a corkscrew? Is it really stylish to pay £20 for a Chinese tea set just because it is singled out as worthy of the Conran label? Aren't all these people wandering round the shop in self-conscious admiration, simply admiring themselves for being here? Subscribing to the illusion that they are more discriminating than their neighbours by being here? There is something really smug and self-satisfied about these gleaming shelves. The suggestion is that by buying the right Italian coffee maker you will immediately be admitted to the affluent, leisured sort of society of which Sir Terence is champion.

It is the world of colour-supplement living, where only a credit card stands between you and the outward show of success. Among all the black leather and negligently worn designer clothes, is there no sense of lurking doubt whether that oriental elephant really will transform your life? As you retreat from Bibendum, your head spinning from the experience, you have the sensation you are leaving a fantasy and returning to the real world. Ask yourself, do you really want to be like those smart, rapacious people seizing pointless objects like jackdaws collecting milk bottle tops? The answer is no. In the entrance to the building the legend "Nunc est Bibendum" is inscribed in the lovely mosaic floor. "All reality abandon, ye who enter here" would be a more fitting epigraph for this great palace of vanities ○



ILLUSTRATION BY DICK EAWERE

ILN WEEKEND VISIT TO CHARTWELL, SISSINGHURST, PENSHURST PLACE & CANTERBURY

(May 13-15, 1988)



A morning at Chartwell, which was Sir Winston Churchill's country home for more than 40 years, will be the highlight of the next *ILN* weekend, which will be centred in the lovely countryside of Kent. Readers will also visit the garden created at Sissinghurst by Sir Harold Nicolson and his wife, Vita Sackville-West, the medieval manor of Penshurst Place, and the Pilgrim's Way exhibition in Canterbury.

This special *ILN* weekend will begin on the evening of May 13 at the Wateringbury Hotel near Maidstone, where readers will stay. Guests will be welcomed in the evening by the Editor-in-Chief of the *ILN*, and after dinner Grace Hamblin, who was Churchill's secretary for many years, will talk about her memories of working at Chartwell, where she later became curatrix. The house will be visited on Saturday morning. After lunch there the party will travel to the tiny village of Penshurst, which is dominated by the 14th-century manor house containing a large collection of antiques, paintings and fine porcelain and tapestries. The house was the birthplace of Sir Philip Sidney in 1554, and is now the home of his descendant, Lord de L'Isle

and Dudley.

On Saturday evening Mr Nigel Nicolson, son of Sir Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West, will dine with the party and talk about Sissinghurst, where he now lives.

Sissinghurst will be visited on Sunday morning, and after lunch there will be a guided tour of Canterbury. The *ILN* weekend will conclude after this, but the hotel will offer preferential rates for those wishing to stay on.

The total cost of the *ILN* weekend, including accommodation for two nights at the Wateringbury Hotel, all meals from Friday dinner to Sunday lunch, transport, entry fees, etc. will be £170 (£10 supplement for single room) per person.

Numbers have to be restricted, so to ensure a place please reserve now by filling in and returning the form as soon as possible. Confirmation of your booking will be sent to you at once and further details will be forwarded in April.

To: The Illustrated London News (Chartwell), 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Please reserve me.....place(s) for the *ILN* weekend visit to Chartwell, Sissinghurst, Penshurst Place and Canterbury (May 13-15, 1988) at £170 per person (£180 for single room).

I should like a single/double room (delete whichever is inapplicable)

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RODNEY ANDERSON

Flavour of the month

Spitalfields is rich in culture, history and enterprise and is likely to become the next Covent Garden. Henry Porter suggests that worthy redevelopment may now stifle this community's unique spirit

"COME ON then, you tell me. What's the difference between a race and a nation? You tell me that, if you're so bloody anxious to kick everyone out of the country." Not all of this was clear because the woman who had buttonholed the youth from the National Front in Brick Lane Market, was eating a cream cheese bap, and a good deal of the filling was being propelled into his face.

"Well. It's like this: a nation comes from the same stock and has the same cultural heritage, whereas a race..." After this confident start, the youth repeated his definition and then began to flannel about racial integrity and the inability of different stocks to integrate. He ended with: "It stands to reason don't it?"

With another spray of cheese, the woman indicated that it did not. "If you are going to send everyone back to Pakistan you're going to have to be clearer about it than that."

The certainty of her interrogation was unsettling, and so was the baby strapped to her front, who had smeared part of his mother's bap over his face and then over the sheaf of National Front newspapers held by the youth. The latter recovered himself. "Well, there's



Brick Lane comes alive for the Sunday morning market, where everyone can be an entrepreneur for the day. Spitalfields also harbours more established industries, including the Truman brewery, glimpsed left

RODNEY ANDERSON



Clockwise from left: Preparing for worship at the Brick Lane mosque, built by Huguenots in 1743 and later used as a synagogue; Roy on duty at East-West Minicars; an Arsenal supporter passes the mosque bookstall; a Sunday sing-song; tooting for trade

probably a textbook definition that I could give you and there are some scientific definitions about racial characteristics."

The woman smiled encouragingly. "You mean taking measurements of people's heads and noses and that sort of thing?"

"Yes," said the member of the master race. "That's the sort of thing."

The woman and the Bangladeshi trader who had been listening to the exchange, smiled triumphantly.

"That's what Hitler's people did wasn't it?" She turned away.

The National Front used to come to Brick Lane market on Sunday mornings in large numbers. They were matched by the Socialist Workers' Party and each week the two sides braved at each other and scuffled for pitches to sell their newspapers. Some 60 or 70 policemen were routinely imported to keep them apart, while the locals did their best to ignore the trouble.

The National Front still make an appearance at Brick Lane on Sundays, but the Socialist Workers' Party do not now bother. It is easy to see why. The shifty half-dozen stand on the



junction of Brick Lane and Bethnal Green Road with leaflets, looking miserable and seedy in their hatred. The Jews, Bangladeshi, Indians and white Eastenders pass close to them but sidestep rather as if they were avoiding a mess on the pavement.

The one thing that has never occurred to the National Front is that Brick Lane is almost a model of racial harmony. Against all the odds and in spite of all the received wisdoms about racial turbulence in the inner cities, the West Indians, the Jews, the Indians, the whites, the Bangladeshis and the Pakistanis actually get on with each other. They may not inter-marry and they do take care to preserve their racial and familial identities, but they trade, deal, gossip and josh with each other with few of the sensitivities imagined by the middle class. The Sunday morning market on Brick Lane, which spreads into the alleys and bomb sites and under the arches of the mainline railway, could not work otherwise.

One wishes that Prince Charles, whose visit to Brick Lane last July caused a rash of stories

about inner-city deprivation in the national press, had been able to spend an entire day at the Sunday street market; from the very earliest hours when the antique traders set up stalls and sell to each other and the early-rising *cognoscenti* (dealing is done by Sam) to the late stages of the market when the old fellows set up impromptu stalls along the greasy, black, Victorian brickwork of the railway. The fruit stalls on Brick Lane itself are perhaps the same as any market the world over, but these backstreet traders with their down-at-heel optimism and friendliness are rare in Britain. There is real poverty on display here, but also real enterprise. It is as if the area has somehow imbued all its occupants with a drive to sell, even if they have nothing of a remotely saleable nature. I watched an old man carefully lay a towel on the pavement in Cheshire Street. On it he placed items he hoped to sell. They were: a ball of string; a shoe horn; a plate; part of a wireless; a tie; a packet of crisps; a dozen or so wire coat hangers and an electric fire, which did not need the label "does not work" attached to it.

Spitalfields is, perhaps, the poorest area of London. Over a quarter of the inhabitants live

in statutorily overcrowded conditions and just under a quarter are unemployed. The true figures are probably worse because many Bengalis, the latest immigrants to the area, for one reason or another avoid official registration. Even a brief visit, like that of Prince Charles last summer, reveals the dilapidation and colourful squalor of Spitalfields, and prompts a something-must-be-done reaction. Something will be done. There is a bill before Parliament which will enable the City of London Corporation to sell the Spitalfields fruit and vegetable market (which is distinct from the Sunday street market) for development. A company named the Spitalfields Development Group has beaten off competition to win the tender to develop the 11-acre site once the produce dealers have been relocated. Some of the 100-year-old buildings will be preserved and converted into boutiques, office bars and housing for local people. The entire plan has been conceived in what is claimed to be a spirit of conservation and much has been made by everyone of the great benefits that will accrue to the area. Doubtless there will be many, but a great deal will also be lost as the

influence of this "eastern Covent Garden" will spread along the old weaving streets to Brick Lane causing property prices to rise and the commensurate growth of wine bars and chic accessory shops.

The point that the developers and bureaucracies have failed to grasp, in their improving and conserving righteousness, is that an old and rare economy operates in Spitalfields. For three centuries immigrants have come to the area, chiefly because of its proximity to the London docks, and used their experiences as a means to become grafted on to English business life. In the 17th century it was the Huguenots who fled religious persecution in France. Then in the 19th century came Ashkenazi Jews fleeing from the pogroms in eastern Europe. And finally, the Asians came; the Indians, the Pakistanis and the Bangladeshis.

Each group has left its mark on the area. The Huguenots made good and built the houses along Fournier Street, Fashion Street and Hanbury Street. The Jews set up scores of tiny businesses which were mostly abandoned during the blitz but which are still evident in Cheshire Street. Over the boarded-up premises the names of the shopkeepers may still be read: S. Levy, L. Hoffman, L. D. Bernstein and H. W. Lerner. They have all gone. Even George Agass, "fancy fish importer", has left.

The history of the last 300 or so years is reflected in the successive conversions of one building, the great Huguenot Church constructed in 1743 at the corner of Brick Lane and Hanbury Street. In the 19th century the Methodists took it over in a misguided and largely unsuccessful attempt to convert the Jews. Then it became a synagogue and, finally, a mosque. Its form is still outwardly Christian, but inside there are a few Jewish memorials which are ignored by the riotous Bangladeshi boys undergoing religious instruction, and by the patient and grave Shiite priesthood.

The quaint spiritual life of Brick Lane is not matched by any other area in London, and certainly nowhere else has attracted cranks to the degree that Spitalfields has over the last five years. One thinks of the strange predictions made by Benjamin Cream, a British mystic who claimed to be in touch with the most superior forms of Buddhist life in the Himalayas. He announced that the Brick Lane Bangladeshi community was harbouring the Messiah, who would shortly appear to sort out the problems of this benighted world, but only if the media took Cream's suggestions seriously. After a good deal of persuasion, some 30 journalists congregated at one of the Indian restaurants along Brick Lane and prepared for the second coming. Every diner and waiter was examined for latent divinity, but without success. The journalists waited for three hours while Cream's leading disciple, a Columbian woman with a distant look in her eyes, insisted that the revelation was unlikely to take place in the middle of a lager-drinking competition which, incidentally, was won by a man from the BBC's Bengali service. The Messiah did not appear that night, but the idea of the second coming among the rag trade sweatshops of Brick Lane had a curious appeal and seemed only marginally less probable than Prince Charles's visitation to the same premises last July.

There are hundreds of sweatshops in the



Some of the sights Prince Charles may have missed. Clockwise from left: An enticing Indian sweet shop; high-profile pigeons; the teahold economy in operation; the bagel production line grinding on at the Brick Lane Bakery

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT ANDERSON

area, most of them cramped, archaic and unpleasant to work in. They horrified Prince Charles, although the myths about the exploitation of child labour and the businessmen who pay Bengali workers in tokens that may be spent only at their shops are untrue. The Times reported his reaction thus: "He peered through the window of one tiny sweatshop where up to 10 Bengalis hunch over sewing machines under a rotting, leaking roof, making up leather garments for the rag trade. Business had been bad since the rain got in and spoiled the coats."

The conditions are not exaggerated, but it would have perhaps served the Prince's understanding if he had been shown round by someone in the Brick Lane leather trade—Mr Zahur Farooqi, for instance, who runs one of the many wholesale leather businesses.

"You see, what nobody understands is that these fellows start working for someone like me but soon they start thinking they want to be their own bosses. So they buy some old machines and set up their own business."

"It makes sense to them because they charge me what they want rather than me paying them



what I want. The conditions are bad, but these people come from very poor areas in Bangladesh and they are used to it."

It may be that Mr Farooqi is unsympathetic, because he himself has followed the same route. He would have also explained to the Prince and to the Times's correspondent that most manufacturing for the leather trade is undertaken in the early autumn and winter when the demand is highest and it is clear to the retailers what fashions are selling well. It was, therefore, unlikely that the sweatshop would have been fully manned in July.

Then there is the question of the part that Brick Lane plays in the self-improvement of newly-arrived immigrants. For the sweatshops occupied by the Jews, then the Indians and Pakistanis, and now the Bangladeshis provide the newcomers with a precarious foothold in the economy of the new country. In a matter of two decades the Indians and Pakistanis have built thriving businesses from capital earned by graft in the sweatshops. Their businesses line Brick Lane although they, like the Jews before them, have moved their homes away from the area. The point is that this is a system, a natural

enterprise zone if you like, which works. It has not been engineered by Urban Aid grants or constructed by some renewal plan. Certainly there is hardship and endless grind in this individualistic miniature economy, but it is driven by optimism and self-improvement. In short, Brick Lane displays all the advantages and conditions of the free-wheeling enterprise admired so much by the present British Government.

There can be few more precarious or impermanent business communities than the Brick Lane leather trade, prone as it is to the vagaries of fashion and the almost suicidal under-cutting practised by the wholesalers. It is also exposed to bad debts and the fraudulent activities of phantom companies. "Oh, my goodness," said Mr Farooqi, as if letting out the exasperation of the last 20 years, "the problems are so many. I can never find outworkers, then I have to worry about the overdraft and the security of my stock and then there is this bloody business of giving every Tom, Dick and Harry credit. We have to because if we don't we lose the business to someone who will. Only the other week this Pakistani fellow had paid for the first two small orders of my leather jackets. Then he made a big one and disappeared for ever."

Charlie Burns is another man who should have accompanied Prince Charles on his tour. He is a quick-witted, bustling trader who was



born some 70 years ago in Brick Lane and who owns a large dilapidated warehouse in Bacon Street, just off the Lane. It is stuffed with every conceivable commodity: thousands of too loo; bottles of obscure liquor; architectural models; desks; chairs; novelties; books; refrigerators; video cabinets and even medals struck in honour of the Pope's visit to Britain. Charlie Burns buys and sells anything. He is the recipient of over-ordered supplies, liquidated assets, manufacturing booms and failed lines. He makes a good living from them all because he knows, almost instinctively, where he can find a market for anything.

When I met him he was distinctly agitated about the local council officers whom, like representatives of the Spitalfields Development Group and the Urban Aid projects, he regards as "effin' dictators". The council was especially



Clockwise from left: Dreaming of a gap in the market; Emanuel Zannet with the boal freshwater fish he imports from Pakistan; looking south along Brick Lane, away from the market; the New Taj Stores



out of favour that day because it had failed to provide a solution to the enormous puddle that had formed outside Mr Burns's warehouse.

"I mean look at it. You could effin' water-ski on that. Silly buggers come the other day, I thought they were going to sort out the drainage. But no, they had got themselves a crane and they wanted to inspect my effin' roof. Well, of course, the fella fell through it didn't he? Left a bleeding great hole."

Mr Burns took me on a tour of his "manor" which started with a Pakistani leather house. Mr Burns's idea of easy social intercourse is to be jauntily insulting to everyone and he greeted the three well-dressed men with: "Cor, I wish I was black. Look at you lot. Do you think if I went to Pakistan they'd treat me like we treat you? Bloody marvellous." The Pakistanis smiled. The West Indian packing up jackets smiled. Charlie hurled a few more insults and we went on our way. The procedure was repeated at the bagel bakery, run by an Israeli, at the Bruno leather house, run by an Italian, and at an office supplies shop, run by some Englishmen. A desk here, some bookshelves there and some leather for a desk top. If he hasn't got it, Mr Burns knows where to find it.

At night Brick Lane is solely occupied by the Bangladeshis and members of the young white middle class who frequent its restaurants. Generally the area has a reputation for being rough. Nothing much moves. The odd down-and-out may pass through on his way to the crypt of Hawksmoor's Christ Church, which is run as a shelter, and nearer the Spitalfields Market there is the occasional prostitute soliciting business from the lorry drivers who arrive to deliver produce. They are not of a particularly high order of prostitute, but sleeping with onion importers cannot be an attractive way to make a living.

I watched one girl, a slight creature in a red leather mini skirt who had tried to make herself as buxom as possible, patrol the pavement outside the public house which is opposite the market. She stopped several car drivers and then approached some lorry drivers. In each case there seemed to be a lot of negotiation which ended with the girl slamming the door of the vehicle and returning to her post outside the pub. She appeared to be having a bad evening and so, too, were her companions who had given up and gone into the pub. All of them were certainly unaware of the piquancy of their choice of place. Exactly 100 years ago a prostitute disappeared after an evening in the same public house. She was one of the six women murdered around the Spitalfields and Whitechapel areas in 1888 by Jack the Ripper. The pub is now named, somewhat tastelessly, after the murderer rather than his victim.

The pub will change and much more else besides. In this idiosyncratic pocket of London property prices will rise and the Asians will be profitably winked out of the Georgian houses. The sweatshops will disappear and the Bangladeshis will lose that first important entree into British business life. Conditions may well improve as the buildings are gutted, refurbished and "conserved", and the councillors and town planners will almost certainly congratulate themselves on the achievement. However, it is certain that all this will be accompanied by a loss of spirit. Brick Lane will look and feel much like any other part of town. ○



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AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

Long considered unruly, jazz is now finding its rightful place in the world of music. The End Games festival at London's South Bank Centre this summer aims to break down barriers between classical and jazz musicians.

John Fordham explains

WHEN AN enthusiastic Louis Armstrong blew an extra chorus on his guest appearance with the London Symphony Orchestra in the 1950s, the outcome was chaotic. The reminiscences which followed included the trumpeter being blamed for not sticking to the rules and his riposte that any musician worth his salt would have realized what he was up to and changed the rules of his own accord.

Mixed marriages, it seemed, did not work. Like this one, they ended in tears, or, more usually, the partners danced around each other in well-meaning incomprehension before returning to the bosom of their families with a sigh of relief.

With hindsight, it is easy to see why things did not work out. Western symphonic and chamber music has a dignified clean articula-

tion of notes with a minimum of slurs, elisions and voice-like sounds, intense training in formal disciplines and a distrust of both syncretized time and improvisation. Jazz, on the other hand, has been founded on the vocabulary of bent notes and mutated European scales that emerged from the blues, a great many self-taught practitioners who evolved techniques to suit their own needs, and an overwhelming emphasis on the player rather than the composer. Black people also invented it, a fact which has undoubtedly delayed its acceptance by some classical musicians and audiences. All told, the two worlds have tended to exaggerate each other's bad habits and inhibit each other's virtues, with the artists from each speaking different languages.

Attempts to bring the two together have nevertheless occurred throughout the

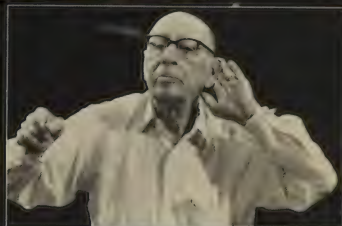
century-old history of jazz. Ragtime composer Scott Joplin wrote a couple of operas in the course of turning out 600-odd compositions at the end of the 19th century. George Gershwin envisaged a kind of "symphonic jazz". Benny Goodman's orchestra used to play a fugue called *Bach Goes to Town*, and Goodman himself performed regular classical pieces. Demonstrating that the compliments ran both ways, Igor Stravinsky wrote *Ebony Concerto* for Woody Hermann which premiered at Carnegie Hall in 1946. But the fact is that the sands have blown inexorably over the imprints of all these pieces except for Gershwin's. *The Firebird* is never going to have to worry about the *Ebony Concerto*. And Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Charlie Parker, Miles Davis and John Coltrane are never going to have to worry about *Bach Goes to Town* either.

But in the past two decades, much has changed, and the incompatible partners have begun to discover things they never knew they had in common. A series of concerts has just been announced at London's South Bank which emphasizes this change in the weather. From April to June this year, pioneering jazz figures including Sonny Rollins, Gil Evans and Ornette Coleman have been shoehorned into the South Bank's End Games festival. The title was chosen initially to reflect work written by major classical composers that acted as a summation or triumph of their artistic lives. Since the aim of the South Bank under its post-GLC administration is, as its Director of Arts Nicholas Snowman puts it, to "increase the variety on the South Bank and at the same time be more choosy about the quality of what goes in", End Games opened its arms to a

proposal that jazz should be included in some form. A small problem was that the players were still alive at the time of booking, some of them did not write music at all and most of them hope that their best work might still lie ahead of them—the brief was thus returned to make a jazz musician's attainment of a substantial reputation and the performance of something they would be happy to be remembered by justification for inclusion.

Snowman accepted the jazz amendment to End Games because he recognizes that there is a fully operational concert-going audience for jazz that the South Bank would be impecunious as well as prejudiced to pass up. Despite his reputation for being a modern conservatoire

Musicians who have all in their own way tried to cross the divide between classical music and jazz. Clockwise, from top, ragtime composer Scott Joplin who wrote a couple of operas at the end of the 19th century; Igor Stravinsky; Charlie Parker and Billie Holiday



music enthusiast (particularly of the Pierre Boulez variety) he says the organization has an indisputable cultural responsibility toward jazz. "Not only do we want good jazz concerts in their own right, but when there is an event like End Games and jazz participation is relevant, then we certainly want to include it. Bringing together different audiences and different forms of music is exactly what we're here for."

That jazz is being played at a predominantly classical music venue, is not particularly unusual; Benny Goodman first played jazz at the Carnegie Hall in 1938 and for the past 30 years in Britain promoters have booked jazz packages into venues like the Festival Hall.

Two other strands of the connexion between the two forms are more interesting.

One is that the End Games festival's inclusion of jazz saxophonist Ornette Coleman's 1972 symphony *Skies of America* recognizes the extent to which jazz composers can use classical devices and classical resources—the Philharmonia Orchestra will be playing it, with Coleman's alto as the principal solo voice. Amid all the failed attempts at synthesis that come out sounding either like jazz musicians on Mogadon or classical musicians in the throes of psychosis, Coleman's mammoth enterprise sounds like a piece of composed music which can then be improvised around. His is not the only success—British bassist and composer Graham Collier's *Day of the Dead*, much of the work of American composer George Russell, pianist Keith Jarrett's *Arbor Zena* and some ventures by Norwegian saxophonist Jan Garbarek, are also fusions rather than bad grafts.

The other link is to do with finance and stature rather than content. It is the extension of the services offered by the art-music establishment for the benefit of jazz.

In the 1970s the grossly unequal relationship between the two forms had begun to shift on to a new footing. Classical music had been a prestigious profession, a prestigious cultural interest and a prestigious industry—the advancement of which has preoccupied the great and good in academies, cultural foundations, promotional organizations and publishing and recording companies all around the world. Jazz, on the other hand, has produced its share of improving geniuses during the intense and passionate first century of its life, but their lives have been as different from those of their conservatoire counterparts as the music they play. Until recently, it has been unremarkable to such musicians that they should be expected to perform on dud pianos in unsuitable venues to inattentive audiences and for derisory incomes. When Charlie Parker was asked at a 1950 press conference who his favourite artist was, he named Jascha Heifetz. Parker had to concede nothing to Heifetz in terms of expressiveness or technique, but he might have well envied the violinist his status and all that went with it.

with the encouragement of the Council's then Music Director, John Cruft, to broaden out the music brief. Morreau had attended the Dartington Hall School where jazz musicians were already active, and became a close friend of the English improvising pianist Howard Riley while studying cello at Bloomington, Indiana.

"My brief for establishing the Network included jazz, contemporary music and opera," Morreau recalls. "I never gave much credence to there being a difference. There was good music and bad music. As a student, I had liked the intelligence and commitment and resourcefulness of the jazz musicians I met." A recent meeting of the worlds occurred on a post-Morreau Network tour at the end of 1987 in which the jazz piano iconoclast Cecil Taylor toured with the avant-garde classical pianist Roger Woodward. "They didn't play together, but it was revealing to have them on the same programme," says Morreau. "It was very good at demonstrating that the sound worlds of improvised music and modern music are not as wide apart as they seem." Morreau believes that the younger music public is leaving the old-guard compartmentalists behind. "Funnily



JOHN MUIR

the Arts Council's Jazz Officer, John Muir, says. "In this country there are several reasons for the change. For one thing there is a new professionalism on the part of the players—they will no longer accept a fraction of an orchestral player's fee for equivalent work. There has also been broader musical education, growing sympathy from the Arts Council and the rise of a powerful lobby of jazz organizations."

The Arts Council's overall spending on jazz this year, including "devolved" funding spent through the regions, is not far short of £300,000. In 1970 it was £50,000. It is still a fraction of the funding for opera, for example, but it has helped to increase public awareness and support a number of artists.

One Arts Council project in particular has had an incalculable impact on the jazz/classical axis. The Contemporary Music Network has been in operation since the early 1970s, touring the music of all leading composers in London and the regions. (Metete Morreau, who has turned arts administrator with the job of organizing it, now commissioning arts programmes at Channel 4) combined her own catholic taste

enough, I attribute a lot of it to the Walkman. Young people can listen to tapes of anything in a very casual way. The BBC has a lot to answer for, for dividing music between 'popular' and 'serious'. Since the Network began, more people started to realize that music doesn't stay in boxes all that willingly."

A pioneer of bridge-building in Britain has been John Dankworth, who recently celebrated his 60th birthday with a Cecil B. De Mille-style concert at the Barbican featuring the London Symphony Orchestra, eminent classical pianist John Ogdon, and a retinue of battered but flourishing jazz musicians from Dankworth's early years as a bebop bandleader in the 1950s. He has been ploughing the furrow of classical/jazz/pop hybrids for years, and his Almsic Plan at Wavendon in Buckinghamshire, a concert and educational scheme, is dedicated to it. Dankworth's conviction about dissolving the barriers of class, race and snobbery that help to keep the layers apart is clearly genuine. He and Cleo Laine were able to launch the plan after a decade of commercial success, from the period of Dankworth's hit records with his



ORFÈRE LAMONLINE



TOMMY MURPHY/REDFERNS

jazz group in the 1950s, through the era of his film-score work for Karel Reisz, Joseph Losey, John Schlesinger and others.

Dankworth's non-jazz composing has often been criticized as unsurprising and conventional, and Cleo Laine's 1973 performance of Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* was considered unwise by many. But if their music may not survive the passage of the years, they have acted as personal ambassadors, carrying at least

some of the spirit and ethos of jazz into an art-music world that had previously insulated itself very successfully against invasions. Since Dankworth has been a guest conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra for years it is unlikely that there could now be a repetition of the legendary culture-clash between Louis Armstrong and the LSO.

Dankworth's work (he was also a visiting jazz professor at the Royal Academy of Music

Clockwise, from top, Miles Davis; Nigel Kennedy, a naturally-gifted classical violinist whose diverse repertoire extends from classical to funk, jazz and rock; John Dankworth, who has been working on classical/pop hybrids for years in an attempt to dispel the barriers which have kept music lovers apart

20 years ago) did make the challenge easier for those that followed. The Royal Academy now has a full-time jazz professor, Lionel Grigson. Trumpeter Ian Carr and bassist Graham Collier regularly teach at the Guildhall School. Improvisation is now even part of the GCSE syllabus in music. The Arts Council's John Muir says emphatically, "kids these days are much more aware of music as a whole".

The barriers are not completely broken, however, and some of the old alienation persists. Guy Barker, a brilliant trumpet player who is now both a renowned jazz soloist and a busy studio musician, was informed by his college tutors that he ought to give up playing jazz or get out. He got out, and his career never faltered. Legendary Cooper, now principally a bassoon player, gained her early experience at the Royal Academy as a student of clarinet and piano and has worked in a variety of art-rock, avant-garde and jazz bands over the past decade. She says some musicians and teachers from the conservatoire world continue to view her with a mixture of admiration and suspicion and is convinced that the strained relations are

the result of fears and uncertainties on the part of conventionally-trained players as much as they stem from snobbery about improvisation.

Barry Guy, the 40-year-old double bass player and composer, has been operating on either side of the divide for 20 years. Before he was a Guildhall student he was already a fan of Charles Mingus, Penderecki and Stravinsky, and his studies made him a fan of Beethoven and Monteverdi soon after. He works in a wide variety of settings—with the Academy of Ancient Music and the London Classical Players performing early music, as an improviser with jazz-inspired, spontaneous performers like saxophonist Evan Parker, and as a composer. His composition for violin, strings and two flutes *Eye of Silence* is to be premiered this year.

As continuing feature of Guy's career is the London Jazz Composers' Orchestra, formed in 1970 and featuring many prominent young jazz musicians, yet often sounding like the most intense, highbrow output of the conservatoire. The band has just completed a successful tour of Switzerland. A prolific producer and a tireless composer and performer, Guy is currently trying to launch a mixed-discipline show that will involve a script. (Beckett has been approached) and compositions by Berio, Xenakis and others specifically for his bass.

Barry Guy acknowledges that the credibility of jazz in the classical world has probably changed irreversibly and he welcomes the arrival of jazz teachers in the music colleges. But because he is an unwavering adventurer in the arts, he continues to ask awkward questions about what kind of jazz will be taught, and how challenging the improvisation is that is now being embraced by the orthodox world.

"There's no doubt about it, the disciplines you need for Beethoven are different from those for free jazz, and different again from those for contemporary composed music. I have to be fluent in three or four languages—old jazz, free jazz, old classics and new classics. But at the same time there are connecting points. Early on in the London Jazz Composers' Orchestra for instance, I realized that some of the techniques being invented by the improvisers were not so different from what the new straight players were doing. I only hope that these advances won't be lost in the general retrenchment towards more conventional, retrospective and vernacular styles going on throughout the arts now."

Hybrids of jazz and classical music will continue to tempt composers as far apart as John Dankworth and Ornette Coleman. They will turn out to be, as they always have, a mixture of "light music" and determined attempts to find an expressive new idiom that genuinely blends the resources of modern composition with the mercurial personality of the best of jazz. The odds on the latter sounding unlike an artificial and anxious collaboration have massively improved in recent years—and the likelihood of jazz getting its due as the century's most vital music has improved with it. As John Muir of the Arts Council says, "There was a time when jazz players would only try to involve themselves with classical musicians to ease their sense of inferiority and show that they were really 'serious musicians'. Those days have gone." ○

THE LAWS OF THE JUNGLE

Maurice and Charles Saatchi once ruled the British advertising world and came close to gaining precedence internationally. Now their former colleagues, Martin Sorrell and Tim Bell, are each established in their own rival companies. The former, a financial wizard, has done the unthinkable and taken over the American leader, J. Walter Thompson; the latter, a smooth-talking PR man, has the ear of the eminently powerful Mrs Thatcher. Lewis Chester looks at the current battle for supremacy.

Illustration by Martin Honeysett.



THE FIRST Conservative Party broadcast produced under the influence of the Saatchi brothers began with the sound of tins ringing to the song "Money makes the world go round". It ended with birds cooing to Mrs Thatcher as she gave the message that people would have more of the stuff under the Tories.

None more than the Saatchis. Almost 10 years on the power of the Saatchi money, hugely swollen by the Tory connexion, literally girdles the globe. With the world's largest advertising empire, staked out in 40 countries and turning more than £4 billion a year,

theirs is seemingly the success story of the age.

But the cracks are appearing. Parting with the Tory Party last year may not have cost them dear in money but it is an omen, a sign that the two remarkable brothers who run the company—Charles, the elder statesman at 45 and Maurice, 41—may be losing their once superlative touch.

Meanwhile, others are finding theirs. The two that look most threatening—Martin Sorrell, a 42-year-old entrepreneur of rare élan, and Tim Bell, Mrs Thatcher's closest friend in the advertising world—know all the Saatchi

tricks. Each is now established in a rival company, set to oust the Saatchis from their position as Britain's leading admen. But this is no ordinary company rivalry; this is fuelled by bitterness and discontent bred during the combined total of 23 years that Sorrell and Bell worked with the brothers.

How the confrontation turns out will decisively influence not only the advertising structures of tomorrow but also, almost certainly, the political structures. The Saatchis' powers of political image-making have long been celebrated for helping the return of

Mrs Thatcher in three elections; the achievement was made after her main political antagonist—the Labour Party—had featured prominently on the Saatchis' client list.

Flexible response has never deserted the brothers. But there are hovering doubts about whether the old edge is still there. Street wisdom was always their strongest suit, but their acquaintance with street life now is only glancing. And their creative rows are not as electric as before. "I can't believe we came out of the same womb," Charles once shouted at his brother.



Would you be more careful if it was you that got pregnant?

Contraception is one of the facts of life.

Anyone, married or single, can get free advice on contraception from their doctor or family planning clinic. You can find your local clinic under Family Planning in the telephone directory or Yellow Pages.

The Saatchis got noticed when they produced this poster for the Health Education Council

Charles, still the motor of the enterprise, came out of the C-stream of his Finchley school loaded with chutzpah but with hardly anything in the way of educational attainment. By the age of 25, as Britain's highest-paid copywriter, he sensibly flaunted it with the purchase of an open-topped white Rolls-Royce.

That kind of flamboyance has been replaced by weightier joys. With his American wife, Doris, he has assembled one of the world's most magnificent modern art collections, with a range of Warhols, Schnabels and Kiefers that beats the Tate Gallery. What started as an interest seems to have become a passion, costing, according to one art-world estimate, £2 million a year. As their taste has refined, so has their address. The couple have left north London and recently moved to Mayfair.

Maurice, the diplomat of the two, had no educational drawbacks, emerging from the London School of Economics with a first in sociology. For years he subordinated every-

thing to his brother's almost obsessive drive for success, but now he also has developed powerful interests outside the business. He has a young family—a son by his second wife, Josephine, who has another son by her first marriage. He also takes a close interest in his wife's developing career as a producer of West End shows. And there is the garden. Alongside the family home, a mock-Tudor mansion in Staplefield, Sussex, he has expressed himself by building a conservatory the size of a small cathedral.

Of the rivals, Martin Sorrell, though a few months older than Maurice, is really the young, up-and-coming hungry fighter. A pint-sized financial genius from the same north London Jewish background as the Saatchis, he is a late-starter as independent entrepreneurs go. It was only after masterminding the Saatchis' money-making for eight years that he finally decided to go it alone.

With the bizarre instrument of a company formed to make wire supermarket baskets, Sorrell bounced himself into the big league last year with the take-over of J. Walter Thompson (JWT), a giant among American advertising companies, and 15 times the size of his own. Less than three years after cutting the cord with the Saatchis, Sorrell has built an empire that ranks second in Britain (to the Saatchis naturally) and fourth in the world.

Meanwhile, Tim Bell lurks dangerously up the creek as a partner in Lowe Howard-Spink and Bell, an agency with a strong crocodile-like appetite for other agencies. Bell is an Australian, still in his 40s and still ambitious. There was no love lost between him and the Saatchi brothers at the time of their parting—after 14 years association—and there is very little lost now. His agency, consistently near the top in sales and profitability, stands poised to take on Sorrell and the Saatchis in what one JWT veteran described as “the current battleground of multi-national advertising”.

It is a battleground where very big money is at stake, not to mention prestige and influence, with clients like General Motors, Unilever and Ford—each with turnovers exceeding the budgets of many states—up for grabs. To the struggle for supremacy each contender brings a special quality. The Saatchis have the muscle. Sorrell has the financial brainpower. Tim Bell, who miraculously always has a bunch of flowers to hand whenever he meets Mrs Thatcher, has the influence.

Who will win is anybody's guess. But some clues to the outcome can be discerned in that spirited period when the Saatchis, Bell and Sorrell were all working together in an office in the seedier reaches of north Soho, whose name—once known only to local connoisseurs as a home of good spaghetti—now resounds throughout the advertising world as Charlotte Street.

The Saatchis then, as now, thrived by keeping a certain mystery around their name and natures. The name, which would so easily convert to “Snatchit and Snatchit” in the mouths of envious rivals, was the Sephardic Jewish name imported to this country from Iraq by their father Nathan. Their natures were not so easily fathomed. In the case of Charles, the hot-tempered mover and shaker, it was perhaps a mystery even to himself.

Using a
supermarket-basket
manufacturer
Sorrell took over
the American
J. Walter Thompson
15 times
the size of
his own company

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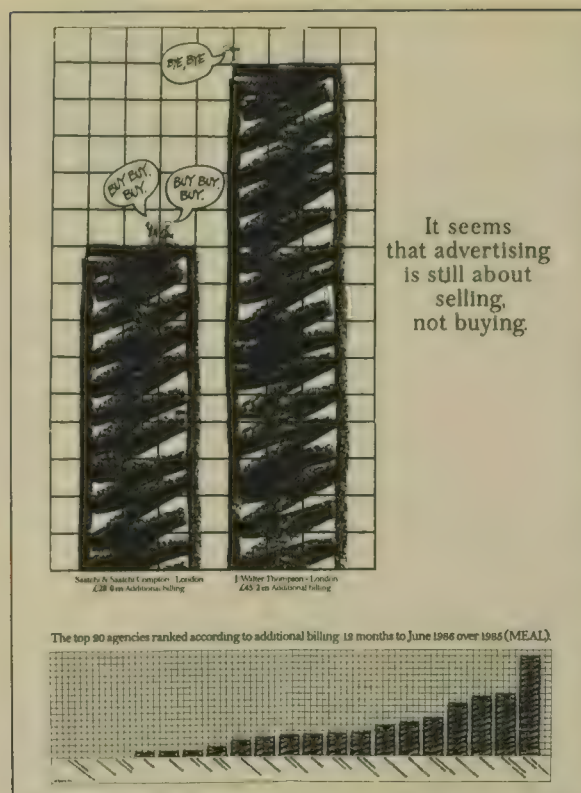
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● His shyness became legendary. Once, seeing a client in the corridor, he picked up a handy broom and swept unrecognized around his feet ●



Those who became involved with him were struck by his combination of brutally direct and vivid sloganing, oddly coupled with a seeming lack of curiosity about how the effect was achieved. It made him an instinctive master of the demotic line. Philip Kleinman, who was later to write *Saatchi and Saatchi*, a deeply unauthorized biography, remembers ringing up the young Charles Saatchi to compliment him on the skilfully fractured English deployed in one of his slogans. "I found out that Charles really thought the grammar was perfectly all right. It was at this point I realized that Charles was not just someone who understood the language of the man in the street but something much more formidable—he was the man in the street."

His shyness became equally legendary. Once, when seeing a major client in the corridor, Charles desperately looked around for some means of escape. Finding none, he picked up a handy broom and swept unrecognized around the client's feet.

Maurice is the brainy third son of Nathan (there are two other Saatchi brothers: David, the eldest, is a commodity dealer in New York; Phil, the youngest, is a pop-music promoter). When his brother hauled him into the business, Maurice was climbing the executive ladder of Michael Heseltine's Haymarket magazine company. There were no hard feelings at his going. When the Saatchi & Saatchi agency was formed in 1970, Heseltine was among the original investors.

Tim Bell, who has special skills in media buying, was another founder-member and was to prove a surprisingly capable administrator. Martin Sorrell, the man who would eventually be dubbed "the third Saatchi", came in after the show was already on the road. The brothers head-hunted him from the staff of James Gulliver, the retailing supremo who became head of Argyll foods. Sorrell was just 31 and absurdly boyish in appearance, fresh-faced and a little over 5 feet tall. He also had a formidable track record.

The son of a chain-store owner, Sorrell had topped up his Cambridge degree in economics with a stint at Harvard Business School. He worked as London manager for Mark McCormack, the sports sponsorship promoter, before going on to earn golden opinions with his next boss. Gulliver told an acquaintance that he would have been worth 10 times as much if Sorrell had stayed with him.

Right from the start the Saatchis aimed to be the biggest and the best—an apparently absurd notion when everyone knew that the American-owned J. Walter Thompson outfit could not be topped as the biggest and most prestigious advertising agency in Britain. The impression of hubris was reinforced by what sometimes seemed like fratricidal relations between the brothers. When tempers frayed, staff looked out for flying furniture.

What was originally considered a weakness was really the clue to their greatest strength. For despite their unmerciful criticisms of each other, they still maintained complete trust and, when it came to dealings with the outside world, implacable solidarity. The other stroke of fortune was that their talents dovetailed wonderfully. Charles could creatively chew the carpet, while Maurice gracefully handled the front of house.

Starting with two accounts—Jaffa fruit and the Health Education Council—the brothers naturally sought to draw attention to their operation. Charles was particularly adept at blowing the company's trumpet without any appearance of an instrument on his lips. He never gave personal interviews but kept selected trade journalists sweet with a stream of newsworthy gossip.

The brothers got a lot of mileage out of the prohibitive cost of insuring their creative talent. The point was strengthened with a group photograph of art directors and copywriters lined up like footballers and tagged with massive transfer fees. It was all eyewash, of

course, but it made the papers. The more genuine coup was "the pregnant man" for the HEC's pro-contraceptive campaign ("Would you be more careful if it was you that got pregnant?").

Already forging a path creatively by innovative and direct copy, the Saatchis were not averse to growth by less orthodox means—buying clients by buying other agencies. Winston Fletcher, chairman of Delaney Fletcher Delaney and author of *The Manipulators*, a thinly fictionalized story of everyday dirty tricks in the advertising business, was one of the few who held out against an early Saatchi takeover. He asked for 10 per cent of the action in Saatchi when the brothers were offering 3 per cent. "A great mistake of my life," he now says ruefully. "Even on their terms, I'd be several Andy Warhols better off today."

Sorrell supplied finesse. He soon became renowned for popping up in various companies and announcing that they were about to be taken over. One executive recalls a boardroom meeting where each man present was invited to announce himself and his purpose. Sorrell, when his turn came, said: "I'm Martin Sorrell, and Maurice Saatchi wants to buy your train set."

He established a holding company which detached the predatory policy from the day-to-day business of producing advertisements. He also refined the take-over technique. Hostile take-overs in advertising rarely succeed, mainly because they are likely to drive out the very talent that makes the bid desirable in the first place. The trick is to provide people with a strong incentive to stay with what is known as the "earn-out" formula.

In Sorrell's hands this formula became a very potent weapon indeed. His staged take-over payments, nicely weighted towards the end, were regarded as things of great beauty. Thus a £1 million take-over of an agency in Edinburgh broke down into a manageable £250,000 down-payment with further instalments, linked to performance, of £250,000 and £500,000 in successive years.

Within five years, by a combination of skilful exhibitionism and acquisition, the original two accounts had grown to 36, some of which were very tasty indeed. The *Advertiser's Annual* for 1975, based on the agencies' own reports of their business, shows the Saatchis with a wide variety of clients, among them Esso Chemicals, British Leyland, ICI Fibres, Dunlop and Keep Britain Tidy. It also includes one that Saatchi folk are not inclined to reminisce about these days—the Labour Party.

The Labour Party connexion came about as a result of the take-overs of Notley Advertising and Compton UK Partners, both outfits that had done business with the Labour Party. In the election campaign of autumn 1974, that saw Harold Wilson's government returned with an increased majority, Compton's had bought newspaper space on behalf of the party. Notley's had acted in a similar capacity in an earlier election. When Saatchi's took over Notley's and acquired Compton's as a result of a reverse take-over, they were credited with Compton's media-buying efforts, including the total spent on the Labour Party account, some £112,000.

The association, however, was not merely retrospective. The merged company continued to keep Labour on the books and tried to provide a face-lift for the party's struggling official newspaper, *Labour Weekly*.

The transfer of Saatchi skills from promoting the Labour Party to glamorizing the Tories produced little moral strain. In advertising terms both parties are merely products.

There are parallels with Saatchi's efforts in the health sphere. Over the years the agency built a wholesome reputation with the HEC as producers of anti-smoking ads. One, written by Charles Saatchi, carried the picture of an evil black substance and was captioned: "The tar and discharge that collects in the lungs of an average smoker." Such explicitness withered away when the fat Silk Cut account came in.

It was the style that counted, and this could be harnessed to almost any proposition, though it was probably at its most comfortable with cars. The Saatchi selling line for a snappy MG sports model was: "Psychiatrists say a saloon car is a wife, a sports car a mistress. . . beautiful to handle, a joy to ride and rumoured to be rather fast."

When Saatchi style meshed with Tory substance in the election of 1979, the sparks really flew. The agency's posters, underlining the harrowing quality of life under their former Labour Party clients, were an instant talking point. The child scrawling across a blackboard "Educashun isnt wurking" was only eclipsed by "Labour Isn't Working", featuring a long queue of people outside an employment office.

While both the Saatchi brothers and Sorrell were involved in the election operation, the hero of the enterprise was Tim Bell. By now he had acquired real stature as an administrator. He ran the Charlotte Street agency that still, despite all the acquisitions, produced most of the group profits. But his main claim to in-house fame rested on his charm, said to be so compelling that dogs would cross the street to be patted by him. He was an ace at presenting the company's wares to prospective clients and, once they were hooked, keeping them sweet. Mrs Thatcher thought he was wonderful.

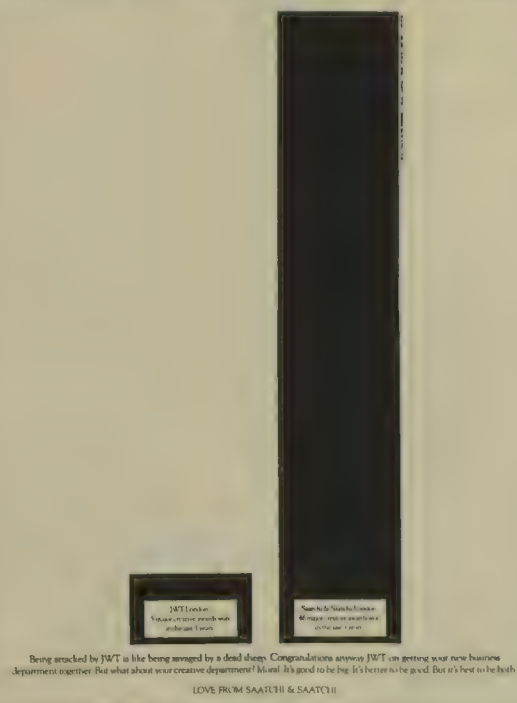
Politics meant much more than greater exposure for the agency. The richest prize in British advertising, the British Airways account—then worth £17.5 million—would shortly come Saatchi's way on the advice, it was said, of Mrs Thatcher to Lord King.

The election year was also the year in which the Saatchis hit the top of the sales league, with billings of £67.5 million. The mighty JWT, which had been the dominant agency for 20 years, was pushed back into second place. Advertising agencies adore league-table comparisons on anything from price-earnings ratios to the length of their chairmen's toenails, but big billings—representing the total amounts spent on behalf of clients in the media—are the great virility symbol.

Saatchi & Saatchi was already a publicly quoted company as a result of its reverse takeover of Compton UK Partners in 1975, but it was Sorrell who exploited it with a string of new share issues to finance expansion.

In any agency, even quite small ones, there is a lot of money swilling about. Agencies live on their billings, though only a small proportion of the total sticks to their fingers. Their cut is rarely more than 15 per cent, but for a short while they are in possession of the clients' billing money *en route* to the media. Under Sorrell, Saatchi's finance department came to look down on placing it on deposit and found much more creative outlets in the money markets.

DEAR JWT, RULE ONE IN KNOCKING COPY:
DON'T DO IT IF YOU'RE VULNERABLE YOURSELF



Saatchi's response to the JWT provocation

Such was Sorrell's reputation for financial wizardry that the City came to think of him as the real driving force of the Saatchi operation. This was a mistake since the energy that propelled the company was genuinely collective. The Saatchis were renowned among agencies for the fierceness of their loyalty to their staff, and for expecting a corresponding loyalty in return. Yet in the end the individualism of the principals was to prove too strong for the bonding.

Ron Leagas, now chairman of Leagas Shafon Davis, was managing director of the Charlotte Street agency when Saatchi's hit the top. "They were really an amazing crowd," he says. "Charles, the recluse who was not supposed to talk to anybody, was the one with the intuition and real drive. Maurice was the complement—all diplomacy and management skills. Martin, the great number-cruncher, was forever delivering mind-boggling schemes for leveraged financial growth. Tim, of course, was the great bullshitter, probably the greatest. My job was to sweep up after the lot of them."

A year after the election, the team was starting to break up. Leagas was the first to go. He had no quarrel with the Saatchis—"I love the guys"—but he preferred to start his own agency rather than preside over the next international phase of Saatchi development. The parting was amicable in its way—"Maurice would ring up my wife at all hours and say I'd gone off my head and should be committed to a mental home. In the office he'd back me up with a cheque-book in his hand and ask me to write whatever sum I required in it. In their eyes, you see, I was doing a terrible thing—leaving the family."

Tim Bell's departure was a long-drawn-out agony. After his election success he felt strongly that his status in the agency should be enhanced. This was not a ridiculous notion. His fiefdom was the most profitable part of the operation, and his personality, through Mrs Thatcher and the Tory connexion, was more widely known than that of anyone else in the

● Maurice would ring my wife and say that I should be committed to a mental home. In their eyes, you see, I was doing a terrible thing ●

agency. He was to the client what Sorrell was to the City. The Saatchis' biographer, Philip Kleinman, says: "In those days you might just as accurately have called the agency Bell & Sorrell."

Bell would happily have settled for Saatchi, Saatchi & Bell, but he consented to promotion instead—to a big international job away from his Charlotte Street power base. The Saatchis' fear that Bell might lead a breakaway from the agency taking precious clients and creative people with him had been adroitly laid to rest.

The 1983 election was not such a thunderous success but Bell got most of what the Saatchi creatives wanted to do accepted. He failed, however, to convince Mrs Thatcher of the merits of an advertisement featuring a newborn baby being slapped into life with the slogan "Even Labour's better under the Conservatives."

His relationship with the brothers continued to deteriorate through most of the next year, though Bell was away much of the time advising Ian MacGregor on publicity during the miners' strike. The final estrangement came just before Christmas, 1984. Bell's bitterness at never being taken onto the board of the Saatchi holding company, where all the deals were hatched and where Sorrell had the strongest voice, remained intact to the end. He never tried to set up his own agency and poach Saatchi clients but he did join one of the most powerful rival groups—Lowe Howard-Spink, to which the name Bell has been added.

Throughout the Tim Bell ructions, Sorrell had been considered the straight arrow of the enterprise. It was not that he and the Saatchis were especially polite with each other. On one occasion the argument between Charles and Sorrell became so unnervingly intense that Lulu, Charles's beautifully-trained pet schnauzer, flooded the expensive carpet. But there was no doubt that Sorrell worked all hours with company objectives in mind. Under



Another Health Education Council campaign, aimed at preventing children from smoking

his guidance the acquisition policy, particularly in the United States, had made the Saatchis truly international.

Globalization was the "in" word in the boardroom discussion of the Saatchi & Saatchi holding company. They dreamed of a day when the company would be one of the top mega agencies handling the richest accounts—and Sorrell would be the man to realize it.

When Sorrell revealed that he had other plans, there was an uproar. Tim Bell had left only a few months earlier, and it seemed as if the Saatchi high command was in a state of collapse. One version of the row between Sorrell and the brothers has them denouncing him as "a little shit", though this seems too mild to be credible given the in-house street language.

Sorrell later explained his motives by saying he felt it was time to have a go at something on his own. The vehicle that enabled Sorrell to choose freedom was a small Kent-based company that manufactured wire shopping baskets, called Wire and Plastic Products

One version of the row
between Sorrell
and the brothers
has them denouncing him
as "a little shit".
This seems too mild
to be credible
given the in-house
language facility

(WPP) and worth just over £1 million. Sorrell, who had bought a large stake in WPP while still with the Saatchis, was not much concerned with the product. He wanted a company in a tidy financial state and with a stock-market quotation on which to graft his own empire. Sorrell appreciated better than most that once investors had faith in a company's shares, it was often possible to spiral an eternity of deals without cash.

Initially, this did not appear to be any threat to the Saatchis. Sorrell's first move was to transform WPP into a marketing services group, specializing in what are known as below-the-line activities. These include things like direct mail, public relations, sales promotion, packaging and design, all areas which are considered unglamorous by the big advertising agencies but which are actually growing faster than media advertising. The Saatchis, apparently feeling they could afford to be benign to a comparative sideshow, put £1 million into Sorrell's business and did his share price no end of good.

Even without Sorrell, the Saatchis kept their globalization aims very much in mind. And very nearly came a cropper. In May, 1985 the brothers announced the biggest acquisition deal in advertising history. The American mammoth Ted Bates Worldwide became theirs for \$450 million, of which \$400 million had to be paid upfront in cash. At a stroke, Saatchi & Saatchi became the unassailable world leader in terms of billings. Then what became known as the MacBates tragedy began to unfold.

City opinion came to assess it as a take-over too far. Once firmly behind the Saatchis, financial commentators were shaken by the total price tag and the low earn-out potential in the Bates arrangement. Inevitably, it was said that Sorrell would never have done things that way. Matters were not improved when Bob Jacoby, the Bates boss in New York, was heard laughing rather loudly all the way to the bank with his personal cut—a cool \$100 million.

The more serious problem was client conflict. Clients, as a rule, do not like to advertise their brands through the same agency as commercial rivals. Mergers therefore always produce a potential for conflict. The bigger the merger, the larger the potential. Within six months of the Ted Bates deal the Saatchi group was reckoned to have lost millions in billings because of such conflicts, real or imagined.

The problem was less acute in Britain, but in the United States big soap and toothpaste manufacturers and food and confectionery giants, simply voted against the deal by taking their business elsewhere. To pacify Mars, the Saatchis had to forgo millions of dollars of business with rival companies like Nestlé and Rowntree Mackintosh. The company worked hard to repair the damage with new accounts but it took time and gave the Saatchis their first extended experience of a bad press.

Their humour fortunately remained intact. One magazine editor who wrote a critical article about the company received a writ from the brothers that struck terror until the solicitor's letterhead was deciphered—Wind-Up & Co, Mangle Street, EC4. The next serious twist to relations with Sorrell was, however, no joking matter. The climax of the conflict came when all the parties turned interested eyes on the ailing JWT empire.

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Australia



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Founded in the mid 19th century, J. Walter Thompson was reckoned to be one of Madison Avenue's most venerable institutions. It was also one of the biggest, and included the world's largest PR company, Hill & Knowlton. Like the Saatchis, it operated in 40 countries, and while it did not enjoy the width of the Saatchis' business you could feel the quality. Unilever and Ford headed a long list of blue-chip clients.

The London end of JWT in Berkeley Square had long been regarded as the most gentlemanly in town, with unrivalled contacts in the upper crust. Its attitude was summed up by one executive who, when asked about the company's image, replied: "Let's put it this way, we are likely to be better known among dukes' daughters than among coalminers." It certainly had the most educated staff, heading the league table of graduates per square foot, and generally living up to its reputation as "the university of advertising".

JWT's problem was that while everybody hymned its class, its profits kept sliding. Erratic management was said to be the problem, and by the spring of 1987 the head office in New York seemed to be a cockpit of dissension. It was a situation in which take-over sprang naturally to a lot of acquisitive minds.

Though the Saatchis were strong in the early speculation, it was never on. The wounds inflicted by the Bates deal had only recently healed and the client-conflict problems posed by a merger with JWT were too hairy to even contemplate.

Another British agency tipped as a possible in the merger stakes was Tim Bell's new agency home, Lowe Howard-Spink & Bell. This had already demonstrated a willingness to go international, but did not have the financial jaws to swallow JWT.

Nobody even considered Sorrell and his horse-and-buggy WPP operation. Although he had done some extraordinary things with it, increasing its value from £1.4 million to £130 million for one, the growth had largely been created by using the earn-out techniques Sorrell had developed with the Saatchis. But the expansion had all been in terms of below-the-line marketing service companies, and WPP's last annual report had reasserted the company's firm intention of keeping it that way. Taking on JWT was about as far above-the-line as a man could go.

A hostile bid was unthinkable of course, as Sorrell thought of it. He was to claim that the bid was benign, having alertly recruited for his cause two respected JWT executives who had been ejected from the storm-tossed New York office. Sorrell's implication was that once they were reinstated peace would reign. But Don Johnston, JWT's strong-willed chief executive, considered Sorrell's bid as hostile as hell and did all he could to conjure up rival options, including a management buy-out.

Sorrell, however, had judged his quarry well. Within days of the announcement of WPP's offer, half of JWT's shares had passed into the hands of "arbitrageurs", or speculators who gamble on bid stocks. JWT's long-eroded investor relations were now so poor that they could not rely on any serious shareholder support. There was no chance of JWT going to anybody but the highest bidder.

It was the money-power of the minnow that



Doris Saatchi, not as camera shy as husband Charles, has a magnificent art collection

was decisive. Sorrell's reputation was so extraordinary that the old maxim that financing should be backed up with assets seemed to go by the board. In the end some 250 City finance houses—banks, brokers and pension funds—backed Sorrell's bid to take over a company 15 times the size of his own. As underwriters they agreed to buy a huge new issue of WPP shares. Thus armed, Sorrell was able to make a final offer that could not be refused—\$566 million in cash.

In buying JWT, Sorrell came eyeball-to-eyeball with the Saatchis, though it is not a fact

share price wobbled, Sorrell in his WPP lair was alleged to be "passing his slide-rule over the Saatchis".

Soon afterwards the Saatchis sought to burnish their American image by inviting a high-powered group of US financial analysts over to London. Sorrell cheekily nipped in and coralled the analysts for a presentation of his own before the Saatchis' junket.

Winston Fletcher, an ardent Saatchi-watcher, says: "They're not exactly chummy with Sorrell now, and things are bound to get worse."

One reason for the certainty is the historic antagonism between JWT and Saatchi. Indeed, if Sorrell and the Saatchis wanted to make peace it is unlikely that their traditions would let them. In Britain JWT has never been reconciled to Saatchi's supplanting them at the head of the billings league, a position that brings good business as well as prestige. JWT's contention is that when like with like is compared—their 40 Berkeley Square office against Saatchi's creative engine at 80 Charlotte Street—then JWT is still Number One. The Saatchis are said to derive an advantage by lumping in all their peripheral establishments to glamorize their figures.

The position is complicated by the fact that the Saatchis have achieved the kind of position that Robert Maxwell was seeking when he was snapping up First Division football clubs. For league-table purposes a number of Saatchi's subsidiaries do declare their billings separately. Two of them, DFS Dorland and Ted Bates, are regularly in the top 20 along with the parent company. However, the situation can get seriously fudged.

Last year Dorland experienced a nasty client conflict when Dixon's, the electrical retailers, took umbrage at sharing the agency with Woolworth's. Big money was involved—the

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he likes to comment on. The JWT deal, he says simply, "was the opportunity of a lifetime". One of the first consequences of it, however, was the Saatchis' unloading their 7 per cent shareholding in WPP. Nobody wanted any client-conflict problems on that score, nor any suggestion that Sorrell might be still in any sense beholden to the Saatchis.

The proper decencies, however, could not mask the fact that relations between Sorrell and the brothers were fast deteriorating. The first open sign of problems came after the Saatchis' vainglorious attempt to take over the Midland Bank last October. There were disapproving mutterings in the City and, as the Saatchis'

Dixon's advertising budget was £27 million, Woolworth's was £20 million—and big lawyers were consulted. The Saatchis, however, came up with a Solomon-like decision and moved the account from one subsidiary to another, from Dorland to Bates.

Bates is the smaller of the subsidiaries, so when the next quarterly billing figures, produced by MEAL (Media Expenditure Analysis Ltd), came out it was thought that the agency's rating would show a healthy surge. This did not prove to be the case, though Saatchi's own billings seemed miraculously inflated. It transpired that the actual media buying for the Dixon's account was done by Acme Media Buying, yet another Saatchi subsidiary. This enabled the parent company to claim the billings, while the Bates subsidiary did all the graft. It is the kind of thing that really gets up JWT's nose.

Shortly before Sorrell took over, a new needle was injected into the old rivalry. JWT started it with an advertisement in the *Financial Times* celebrating its new business gains in the past year which, it claimed, dwarfed those of the Saatchis. It also implied that JWT's gains were organic—the result of attracting new business—whereas the Saatchis depended on new acquisitions. The ad said provocatively: "It seems that advertising is still about selling not buying."

The Saatchis hit back with their own advertisement showing how they dwarfed JWT in terms of creative awards, but they did not argue the business issue. It was apparently beneath them. "Being attacked by JWT," said their ad, "is like being savaged by a dead sheep." The industry's interpretation was that JWT had drawn blood.

The letting was as nothing compared with that caused by the election of June, 1987. Elections had an almost talismanic significance in the Saatchi saga. It was as if the success stories of the brothers and Mrs Thatcher were interwoven in the same epic tapestry. On June 4 the whole thing unravelled.

Alarmed by a freak poll—showing Labour closing fast—and disappointed with the campaign's publicity, Mrs Thatcher reached outside the appointed advisers to the Tory Party and found her old friend Tim Bell.

So it was that Bell, the man the Saatchis most wanted to forget, helped fashion a last-minute £2.5 million advertising blitz for Mrs Thatcher that formally had to be carried out, albeit with amendments, by the Saatchis.


After the election the Saatchis felt compelled to issue a writ against *Panorama* for suggesting they had been fired by the Tories, and took a side-swipe at Tim Bell's agency for running a "disinformation" campaign that allegedly inflated its role in the election. The BBC paid £1,000 to the NSPCC by way of apology, and face-saving statements were made all round. But it was clear that as far as the Saatchis were concerned the political gingerbread had lost its gilt. Sorrell, meanwhile, was stealing admiring City headlines for his JWT adventure, said to be the greatest-ever coup by an Englishman on Wall Street.

In October, perhaps jumping before they were pushed, the Saatchis announced that they were quitting the Tory account. Maurice Saatchi's letter of resignation made no mention of the election but said solemnly that the


group's involvement in broadcasting and work for the Government might open the company and ministers to misrepresentation.

For a while it seemed as if the breach with the Tory Party had changed the Saatchis' luck. If they no longer had any magic in terms of the political process, why should they retain it elsewhere? They had evidently lost it in the City too. The rebuff over their attempt to acquire the Midland Bank was rapidly followed by another from the merchant bankers Hill Samuel. There was even a hint of uncertainty about the advertising.

The agency with its roots in contraceptive advertising lost out in a pitch for the contra-



The skirmishing among Britain's crocodiles is likely to lose any residual elements of playfulness



ceptive prize of the year—Richard Branson's £10 million Mates condom account. Saatchi's presentation was thought to be a shade too raunchy for the client's taste, though its campaign line was held to be the best—"If it's not on, it's not on."

The stock-market collapse affected publicly quoted advertising agencies more than most, and Saatchi's more than most other advertising companies. This was mainly because so much of its business was in declining dollars.

Yet the Saatchi group has great resilience. This is because its reputation for quality is still well founded. With ads featuring Manhattan luminously descending from the sky and bushwhackers ready to croak their best friend for a certain kind of lager, clients know that, on occasion, the Saatchis can really deliver.

For all their troubles, the Saatchis were able to announce record pre-tax profits of £124 million at the end of the year. Still, caution is setting in. The word now is that the Saatchis are drawing in their horns on further advertising expansion and concentrating on the less controversial task of building up their worldwide chain of management consultancies.

Sorrell's chance to gloat over the Saatchis' problems was never very prolonged. His own troubles were, if anything, more severe. A month after the heady thrill of the JWT deal, Sorrell descended to earth with a bump. The £213 million rights issue to finance the takeover was seriously undersubscribed—only 35 per cent of the new issue was taken up by existing shareholders—and many of the sub-underwriters were left holding the shares. Though Sorrell was able to renegotiate the loan beneficially, it was the first evidence of his seriously misreading the market.

He also misjudged the extent of the American backlash. There had been a hint of xenophobia in the problems that afflicted the Saatchis after the Bates deal. Now, with Sorrell, it became explicit. Whatever Madison Avenue might feel, it was apparent that their American business clients had strong reservations about limeys suddenly muscling in on their accounts. In a matter of weeks JWT lost three of its big-

gest—the \$200 Burger King account, a large chunk of Ford, and Goodyear. Much of Sorrell's time was spent at supersonic speed as he jetted to and fro across the Atlantic in Concorde trying to stop the rot.

Then came the market crash, causing one commentator to proclaim that WPP's shares had gone up like a rocket and come down like a stick. From October 16 to November 6, WPP's share price moved from 880p to 385p.

As if to show how unfazed he was, Sorrell went on making deals, adding to his below-the-line dominion. The finesse survives. As he struggles to pull the American operation round, Sorrell's greatest solace is the security of his base in London, where his impact on the British end of JWT has been positively bracing.

Nearly all the London staff are British and there is now a certain satisfaction that the ownership should also be so. Less sentimentally, they are glad to have on board the one element that the company has lacked—commercial and financial acumen.

There is also a sense that they could not be better led in their campaign against the old enemy. As one executive put it, "Because they're so unlike us, we always had the greatest difficulty in gauging the Saatchi thought processes, what they would get up to next. We don't have that problem any more."

Now that New York has been decimated the London operation has come to equal it in size. The centre of gravity of the business has moved to this side of the Atlantic and Sorrell himself has steered close to his flagship. Abandoning his pokey WPP premises in Lincoln's Inn he now runs the business from an office just behind the agency and in the shadow of The Church of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

The one prize he is unlikely to compete for is the Tory account vacated by the Saatchis. JWT has a long tradition of non-involvement in partisan politics. On balance, they think that it makes commercial sense. "Regimes come and regimes go," said a director, "but we aim to go on for a very long time."

This leaves the field wide open but at the head of the contenders' list must be Lowe Howard-Spink & Bell, especially if Mrs Thatcher decides to go for a fourth term. Thus far, wherever she has gone at election time, Tim Bell has been close to hand. The Tory account could provide the springboard his agency needs to vault over more favoured rivals.

In any event, the skirmishing among Britain's crocodiles is likely to lose any residual elements of playfulness. Winston Fletcher says it has to be so: "The problem is that they're all playing the same expansion game with the same group of people. And there are not that many good people around. Mind you, when Sorrell tries to hire good Saatchi executives, as he is bound to, he's going to come up against an ironic problem—many of Saatchi's best men are strapped in by contracts devised by Sorrell himself. It's hard to exaggerate the potential for conflict in this area. You can grow as big as you like but advertising is still very much a people business with assets that go up and down in the lift."

Who will emerge as the champion may not be predictable but it is probably worth putting some money on Sorrell, the little man with the colossal nerve. "He's very, very small," said one of his admirers in Berkeley Square, "but then so was Napoleon." ○

A BETTER CLASS OF PERSON

The plight of the poor and the high life of the rich have been well documented, but the species that has evolved in between remained unobserved until Daniel Meadows explored its habitat with his camera. Here is an edited extract from his book *Nattering in Paradise: A Word from the Suburbs*



There are books about suburbia. The trouble is they are all about architecture; or the great 1920s dream of harmonizing urban convenience with rustic bliss. And there was Betjeman, of course.

But this is 1987. Metroland with "Your parents' homestead set in murmuring pines" has been overrun by Queensway carpets. B&Q DIY and Sainsbury superstores, Wimpey, Wates and Bovis have all happened. Hyper value-value MFI, golf-driving ranges, breakfast bars and whisper pink toilet suites are here to stay. And no one is writing about them.

Writers like a story. Myself, I like to drift a bit. I am nosy and, being tall, I get to see over the privet. I just want to slip behind those ruched curtains and see who is in. Talk to them a bit about themselves and snap a few trophies to prove I was there. I am a burglar of lifestyles.

Although this book is a documentary in nature, it is not an objective account of suburban life. I do not believe it is possible to be objective and, if it were, I think it would make for very boring reading.

As the American documentary photographer Dorothea Lange put it, I see my job as being "to see, record, comment and be understood". I am not trying to make fun of anyone. Nor do I want to slot people into categories, even amusing ones like Peter York's Sloane Rangers or John Betjeman's Doily Soilers. I make no claims of literary invention. The authority of what is said rests in the intimacy of the information divulged. The book, quite simply, is an adventure in someone else's looking-glass.

The only thing I know for sure about suburbia is that to live there you have to be some sort of success. To be a success in what the real writers call "this post-industrial divided society" of ours, you need a job, and the best jobs it seems (the ones that everybody wants) are all in the

south-east. So that is where we are. Most of the people in my book live on the outer fringe of one of London's larger suburbs. I've called it The Borough, a district with a population of 300,000. A middle-class dormitory with the majority of the male population commuting to the City.

Denis and Margaret Thatcher once lived here. Of the 60 elected local councillors 52 are Tory.

Over two and a half years, during visits from my home in Wales, I pedalled around it on my push-bike, covering the ground, making contacts, shooting the photographs and setting up interviews.

I came to the suburb in a spirit of curiosity. I had, and still have, no axe to grind, no predisposition in favour of or against a suburban style of living.

Where is The Borough? Well, let's just say it is not far from where the green apples used to grow. The people are successful, but not spectacularly so. They are successful in an ordinary, salaried, family kind of way; the comfortably well-off of Mrs Thatcher's Britain.

Take Jean and Barry...

Jean and Barry have been married for 11 years. They have one daughter called Laura who is six. They live in The Village Suburb. To the casual passer-by it is indistinguishable from the rest of the traffic-crawl, wall-to-wall, housing sprawl which makes the last 10 miles of a car journey to London take almost as long as the first 80. But Jean and Barry are cognoscenti. They know that here the people are more friendly and the schools better. Here the shop assistants call you by your name and the vicar is a lovely man you chat to on your way back from yoga. There is a pub called The George. Even the train journey from London Bridge is pleasant. "Our station is the end of the line, so you can fall asleep."

Here your house will appreciate faster and, when you walk up to the school for the parent-teachers' evening, everyone knows you. It is "Hello, Jean. Hello, Barry." There are barn dances, a children's disco, and lots of family occasions like the school fête. "Young people have grown up with a proper respect for family values, even the teenagers are concerned about the elderly." The local policeman says the people in his patch took to the introduction of Neighbourhood Watch like ducks to water.

Barry: I think in this area people are becoming more conscious of the architecture of their homes. When they advertise these houses they always say it's Boot's built. There is a particular style about them. On this road there are probably 18 houses and three variations. It's amazing. Three different styles. Chalet bungalow, two-bedroomed semi and three-bedroomed semi.

They say that the price of property in this borough is supposedly the highest in the UK for what you actually get. I read an article the other day that said that the first-time buyer has got to buy in at something in the region of £35,000. That's an average. And on that analysis you can't buy anything within a mile of here.

Jean: They reckon property here is going up by £1,000 a month. We bought this for £42,000 and, once it's all sorted out, it'll go for £110,000 and that's in five years.

Ah! "Once it's all sorted out." There's the catch. "Sorting out" the house is Barry's principal occupation when he is not at work in his P&O travel office in the City. Barry doesn't just do-it-himself. Barry is a DIY man's DIY man, and he does it very well. A perfectionist. He built the extension on their first house and now he's doing it again. Even better.

Jean: We had a garage at our last house so we didn't have to do all the extension we've done here, but we did it because it was our first home and we wanted to do everything to it. We wanted a bigger kitchen and a bigger dining room. I never thought we would have to do it again. But, oh dear, here we are!

Barry: Jean's original idea was that we were not going to have to do anything to what we moved into because I had worked so hard on the last one.

Jean: There was just so much potential here and my taste buds literally started to get going. It was in a terrible state when we bought it. Rack and ruin. It's still a long way from being finished even though the extension is built. Even upstairs is still not done. We've got all the



bathroom to knock out; although we've put a new bath and toilet in, it's all got to be knocked into one. Then eventually the hall has to be extended, and then it has to be decorated, and then we're done—once it's all carpeted that is.

What I'm worrying about is when we move on. To be honest I don't think we'll stay here. I think all the time you want to be better yourself. Next time we'll look for something that has had most things done to it because we want to start enjoying our lives with Laura. The six years since she's been born, it's been working on extensions. We were still working at our last place right up to the move. I'm just hoping that as soon as Barry thinks it's all done, that he doesn't turn round and say "Right, let's move." I don't think I could stand it. He does get fidgety, he can't sit down and do nothing. He's always got to be on the go, that's Barry. He loves doing DIY things on the house—last weekend he was at a friend of mine's up the road doing electrical work for her.

I suppose we are probably going to stay here for at least another five years. No, I would never move into a new house, no character whatsoever. The older the house, really, the more character it has. That's the reason why we kept the leaded lights. It's funny, since we've been here, everybody's changed to leaded lights because, it does, it gives the house more character. We had square leaded lights originally but they were leaky and the lead had all gone on them so we changed them to diamond leaded lights and double-glazing. There are just so many on the market today, it's unbelievable the combinations you can have now. Now I have seen ones that I would like and wish that I could have, but we've got these ones.

Barry: They are progressing all the time really. When we first had our other house done with aluminium double-glazing the only choice you had really was where you were going to have the openings; it was the normal colour aluminium and just plain glass. Now you can have all different colours as regards your aluminium frame. We've got white. You can get black, brown—to match in with your paintwork.

Jean: I can be confusing having quite so much choice. Luckily when we were replacing ours there wasn't a lot of choice. It's amazing what has happened in the last three years as regards choice of windows.

Barry: People say: "Oh you've got white aluminium frames, if you scratch them you've got green." Load of rubbish, all you got to do is go to the local motor DIY shop and get Volkswagen white and that's your match.

Jean: It's amazing now these houses out the back are all gradually having their windows altered, one house down there had their windows done last year, another had theirs done this year and then two houses back there have had theirs done. The new leaded lights that I would like are the type that have the coloured leaded glass at the top in different patterns. They've got fantastic ones, they really have perfected it even down to the front door. We bought the basic front door of course now they've got this Georgian door in aluminium and they really are effective...

...I was born in Shirley in a prefab because mum and dad were put there after the war. From there we moved to a council house in



Elmers End, a brand new one—beautiful it was. We lived in the prefab for 10 years. Again you had the community life there—it was wonderful. I must admit there's not that feeling today that you can all sort of join in with one another, people tend to keep closed doors—they like to keep themselves to themselves.

I think there did used to be a stigma of suburbia. The thing about Mr and Mrs Jones living in suburbia and you've got to keep up with the Joneses. That's gone, it went a long time ago. People these days, I think, their homes are how they want them and they don't try to keep up with the Joneses. You just do your house up to how you like it and how you want it.

The one thing we wanted when we left school, both Carol (twin sister) and myself, was to get out of a council house. I'm afraid council houses have got that stigma and they always will. When you said you lived on a council estate it was: "Oh!" Even now, I heard a young girl saying about some trouble that was brewing a little while ago: "Oh, they come off the council estate." As much as the people might be lovely—I mean they were, we had great fun living there, a wonderful childhood—the one thing I wanted to do was to get away from a council estate and own my own property. By the age of 21 I wanted to be able to say I had two wardrobes of clothes, because my father had found it hard, he had three girls to clothe. When I started work I was clothed in a skirt, jumper and underwear. That was all I had. We never had a lot as children but we were happy; my father used to make a lot of our toys when we were young.

But as I've got older, I want to be able to give Laura what I could never have and hopefully she will appreciate it. You do find round here that they are a better class of people. Nice children, well-brought-up children. They are not out to abuse you and be rude. They are nice people and at this school they are all so polite and they all say hello and you haven't got all the roughness of the sort of schools I was at.

You don't get lonely round here. Barry goes out at quarter to seven every morning and doesn't get in some nights till seven or half past seven. But the day is full. I'm lucky because I have Carol, so we're always together. We have that bond, so we're lucky.



I've made lots of nice friends round here. You go to the school and you all stand outside waiting for the children and you're all nattering and talking.

Then I'll go up the road to get myself a loaf of bread and I'll be gone an hour and a half. I get back and I think "Oh! Where's the time gone?" I might have gone into Dominics and

"Yes, doing up your house, it can lead to having a nervous breakdown, so you've really got to learn to relax"

been nattering to Percy, I might have gone into Paradise and been nattering to Jim. It's amazing really.

I am a bit of a chatterbox I suppose, but people don't want to see a sad face and, because they think "Oh! You're smiling and cheerful", people stop and talk to you.



I have my interest in homoeopathy. I'm a firm believer in that. There hasn't been very good publicity for it recently. I've had a lot of problems with doctors over the years so I thought I'd go and see a homoeopath. He's marvellous, sorted out a lot of problems for me. They say it's all in the mind and that if you're given a tablet you'll feel better, but that's a load of rubbish.

I've spent too much time going down to the doctor's and being given antibiotics for this and Valium for that. I don't like it. I've had heart palpitations.

Then they sent me to the heart hospital where they told me I had to learn to live with it. I thought there's got to be an alternative to this. Carol said why didn't I go and see this homoeopath. She'd heard of him through her sister-in-law so, in sheer desperation, I did and it's been my saviour. Carol goes now. I haven't taken paracetamol, Disprin, nothing in near nine months, I haven't filled myself with any of the rubbish. They say if you're on homoeopathy it lengthens your life and I can believe it.

My whole body has gone back to how it was when I was a young girl. I'm even starting to get spots again. Yes, it has increased my awareness of things, especially the way we eat—I believe in lots of fresh vegetables and salads. Unfortunately Laura is very allergic to these Es and the colourants in foods so that's been a big no-never since she was a little baby. But we're lucky round here because we can get all the nice fresh veg up at the farm. In the summer we go and pick all our own fruit.

Carol and I do yoga. I used to do it at evening classes, then that stopped so I've started doing it on my own. We've got this tape and we have a practice, regular. That is good because it tones up your muscles and it also gives you peace of mind, you learn to relax, you learn to breathe properly. I really have learnt to relax. Yes, doing up your house, it can lead to having a nervous breakdown, so you've really got to learn to relax. When Barry was thinking of building on top, I just thought "I can't stand it." But after a bit of yoga I just think "Oh well, if he does, he does." Something else we do is swimming. A lot of women round here go swimming. They dress their children off at school then do about 23 laps in the public pool. There's a gymnasium there too.

Some months have passed. It is a typical sunny Saturday afternoon. Jean has been rather ill. She is recovering from a bout of viral pneumonia and finds it frustrating to have to sit indoors looking out on to a garden she cannot work in. Despite this, word has got round that her fuchsia's are doing well and two old ladies have dropped round to see them. It is time for a progress report on the kitchen extension. Barry is quite relieved for an excuse to sit down and talk after an exasperating morning fitting the new washing machine. Even now it doesn't sound quite right.

Barry: I never used to do any DIY before I was married. When I lived at home, I just used to play football every weekend and that was it. And quite honestly when we got married it was just a question of you went out and, if you could, find somewhere to live and you could afford it, then you bought it, and if there was anything to be done to it then you did it yourself. You couldn't afford to pay anyone to do it for you. I've just learned as I've gone along.

To be honest, we've sort of faltered a bit because of Jean being so ill and also because we had to get a new washing machine. If we could have afforded it we'd probably have had a new washing machine when we had the kitchen. I'd have built the kitchen round the dishwasher and the washing machine. As it is it's been a bit of a fiddly job.

We move into the kitchen. Barry is rather pleased with a sneaky invention which has overcome the problem in dealing with the central heating control point.

Barry: How do we work it out? Well, Jean does the thinking.

Jean: I usually do the thinking, but it was Barry's idea to use the door for mounting the central heating dials. I wasn't too keen on the idea to start with, I thought "Ugh! It's going to look funny on the wall, a door on the wall."

Barry: But it's just a piece of wood when you come to think of it. It's the right colour, it's mahogany trim and it fits on there just right. You'd never guess it was a spare door off one of the kitchen units. There are seven lots of cable that have got to come through that.

The cooker hood? I made that up as I went

"The cooker hood? I made that up as I went along. I added up the cost and it came to just under £16 instead of £265"

along. They wanted £265 to make the hood up, and they're not talking about the fan in that. So I said to Jean there's no way we are going to pay that sort of money. I said, "Let's leave it to last as we might have some of the brown trim left that's underneath the wall units," and we had quite a bit of it left. So I found a bit of 3 inch chipboard that we used on the roof and got some cheap tiles from Payless. They were 10 for 99 pence. The top half I made out of plasterboard. I thought the next problem is how to put in the wall using these brackets. So instead of putting them up as you normally would if you are going to put a shelf up, I turned them round the other way so they are screwed into the wall and come down like an L. But I wasn't really happy with that because they had a bit of spring in them didn't they? So I went to the Payless and I found some fairly modern type brackets—they weren't a natural L, they were more of a curve.

So I thought, well, that will be fine. So I tried that and it was a little bit firmer. So that was the base. Then we had to build the canopy on top.

One way I thought was to dig out the ceiling and find the joists, but I thought, well, that's going to ruin the ceiling, because I'm not quite sure where the joists are, so I went and bought two more brackets, turned them up the correct way and screwed a block of wood on the top. To that block of wood I then put some struts in the corner of the canopy up to the block of wood and the joists, but I thought, well, that's going to ruin the ceiling, because I'm not quite sure where the joists are, so I went and bought two more brackets, turned them up the correct way and screwed a block of wood on the top. To that block of wood I then put some struts in the corner of the canopy up to the block of wood and the joists, but I thought, well, that's going to ruin the ceiling, because I'm not quite sure where the joists are, so I went and bought two more brackets, turned them up the correct way and screwed a block of wood on the top. 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Freehold marina or beach front property on the unspoilt South Eastern coast of Spain with balconies or large roof terraces. Located in front of the championship golf course. Swimming pool and club, excellent beaches and 1,000 berth marina. 3 & 4 bedroom apartments £46,000 & £86,000. 20% discount for 5 yrs. leaseback. Available April 1988.

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EXHIBITION

Seven Hills Hotel
Seven Hills Road, Cobham, Surrey
on Wednesday 9th March 11.00am - 8.00pm

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MONTPELIER SUPER VALMER CROIX VALMER, NR. ST. TROPEZ, CÔTE D'AZUR



Provençal villas set in the tranquillity of a wooded green zone, with stunning views across the Bay of Cavalaire to the Iles d'Hyères. This small estate enjoys its own swimming pool and is only minutes from marina, golf course and famous beaches. From 1,100,000 FF. 30% discount for 11 yrs. leaseback.

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Staking a claim in the sun

John Vaughan investigates the overseas property boom

THE LIFTING of exchange control, one of the first Bills passed by the 1979 Conservative Government, opened the floodgates of British funds for the purchase of property overseas. This initial tide of money had ebbed by 1984. However, with speculation running up to last year's general election of a reversal in exchange control regulations by Labour, both developers and estate agents have experienced sharp increases in sales all year.

Spain, followed by Portugal, France and Italy, is the most favoured country for affluent British buyers seeking to get away from it all in the sun. And as getting away from it all increases in significance, so does the profit of British companies servicing.

Ironically, far from getting away from it all, British buyers invariably end up in the same spot, and all the evidence from developers in Spain, Portugal and elsewhere suggests they like it that way. From the Algarve, to the Costas, to the Balearic Islands and the south of France there are now little colonies of British owners, living in British-financed developments sold by British estate agents. To the genuine traveller these types of holiday are anathema. But they are not about travel—they are about leisure and all that entails, from 18-hole golf courses to health and sports centres to beach clubs.

For the modern executive or entrepreneur, the stresses of living and working in the Britain of the 1980s can only, it seems, be eased by holidays abroad. They are becoming necessities rather than status symbols and as such it makes sound financial sense to buy rather than to rent or pay hotel bills.

Up-market Butlin's to their detractors, havens of peace and amusement to their promoters, overseas developments have one thing in common: they have almost always made substantial profits, although some of the most successful have nearly bankrupted their promoters. Certainly, substantial long-term capital and foresight is required, together with planning, design and engineering expertise.

The Old Village development at Villamoura in the Algarve, Portugal, is an example. The developer is Hugh de Meyer of Montpelier International, who four years ago bought the 14-acre site from the Portuguese consortium Lusitor for an estimated figure of less than £500,000. The Villamoura estate had a very

turbulent history, with infighting between the Portuguese owners. Among other things, this resulted in the hotel complex being repossessed by the consortium's bankers and remaining a shell for several years. It is now completed.

Montpelier International had 10 years' experience as estate agents selling overseas property, but none as developers. Hugh

ironwork used as balconies. One expects to see Zorro at every corner. Freehold prices for one- to two-bedroom apartments are from £40,000 to £75,000, while houses start at £85,000 for two bedrooms and go up to £185,000 for four. Shop premises start at £94,000 for 370 square feet. By rough calculation, Montpelier must be expecting sales of around £30 million.

The attraction for developers such as Montpelier is in the off-plan sales element where a 10 per cent (sometimes 20 per cent) deposit is required, the balance being made up in deferred payments as building progresses. This helps reduce financing costs on a phased development.

Farther west from Villamoura is Praia do Carvoeiro, about an hour's drive from Faro airport. Carvoeiro was a popular and racy resort in the 1920s and 30s and was popular with some British during the 1950s. Then a German family, the Moellers, went there from Hamburg 15 years ago, launching their London-based holding company Emoactividade in 1972. The Moellers' development now covers three separate areas, Carvoeiro Club, a sports club with 100 villas centred around a swimming pool; Club Atlantico, situated on the clifftops; and Monte Carvoeiro, built on high ground behind the village. All these have a choice of building from apartments to terrace houses to detached and semi-detached villas.

The architecture is much blander and less appealing than Villamoura but the place is run as an efficient family business by the Moellers. In true Germanic fashion they pay considerable attention to detail and service which, as in similar developments, includes management and letting.

There are also two golf courses (one is a prerequisite) and other sports facilities. It seems a good place for children—a sort of Portuguese Woolacombe or Rhosneigr. Peter Warburton of Egerton and Co is the agent for Carvoeiro, with an association going back to his days as a partner of John D. Wood covering overseas business. Foxtons' head office are also involved with the sale of freehold building plots and villas from £150,000 to £400,000 for which 70 per cent Portuguese finance is available.

These Algarve developments seem dwarfed by the scale of operations at Sotogrande in Spain, which is on the western end of the Costa



KATE ROGERS

de Meyer consequently found it difficult to raise the development capital for the first phase of The Old Village. But a consortium of international financiers eventually backed the scheme and building started in 1984. Some 150 houses and flats were completed by spring this year. A further 100 are due in 1988 and another 70 by 1989.

The architecture of The Old Village is a pastiche of 17th- and 18th-century Portuguese town-house styles with a bit of Palladio thrown in. Sounds awful? Well, it's actually not too bad, although the swimming pools could have been more discreetly sited and less "traditional"

del Sol, near Gibraltar. The land was purchased in parcels during the 1960s by a Filipino entrepreneur, Señor Joseph McMeking, who befriended General MacArthur and amassed a fortune by constructing bases and airfields for the American military during the Korean war. It goes without saying that speculation has arisen over McMeking's company, Financiera Sotogrande, being used as a vehicle for washing Filipino funds running up to the Marcos débâcle. The other major Filipino shareholder in the company is the Zobel family. It seems unlikely that Bovis International has obtained control of the company, as was rumoured at an inaugural fiesta for the new marina, Puerto Sotogrande, last July.

There are now some 2,000 permanent residents on the Sotogrande estate, 60 per cent British and only 10 per cent Spanish, although this latter figure is high in comparison to less prestigious developments. Financiera Sotogrande has a large but not majority shareholding in the new Puerto Sotogrande, in which there are 70 other investors—mostly friends of Señor Juan Villa Mir, a former Spanish cabinet minister, and his commercial director Fernando Montojo. There are 450 new apartments within the Puerto in three stages of construction. Prices range from £28,000 for a small yachtsman's studio, to £80,000 for a two-bedroom, two-bathroom flat, and £225,000 for a prime four-bedroom apartment. Most

overlook the new port and you can see the Rock in the distance. The agents for the Puerto are (British-owned) Fincasol, who have offices in London and Sotogrande.

The next stage of development is the flooding of land behind the new apartments and the construction of 250 houses, each with a mooring in front of their gardens. The budget for this scheme, which will extend the Spanish coastline by over 2 miles and give Sotogrande some 1,500 berths, is a staggering £90 million and may well explain the Bovis rumour mentioned. Bovis International, a subsidiary of P.O. Plc, have recently bought La Manque, a 2,000 property development near Alicante.

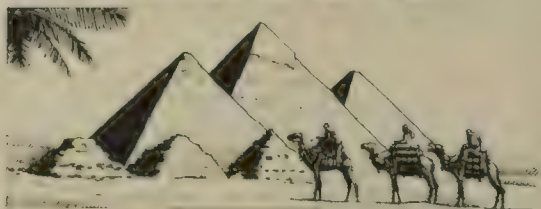
More hedonistic than Sotogrande is Bendinat (old Spanish for well dined) on Mallorca. The 850 acre Bendinat estate was bought by Prince Nawaf bin Abdul Aziz, brother of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia, from local landowners the Trujelos, who still own the splendid Castillo di Bendinat and some surrounding land. Central to the Bendinat development is the Anchorage Club, hosted by Prince Alfonso von Hohenlohe of Marbella Club fame. The club overlooks a sandy cove for which the sand had to be imported.

Surrounding this are two irregular crescents of colour-washed apartments and houses designed by François Spoerry, the architect of Port Grimaud. There is a slightly surreal quality about his work which has Moorish,

Mallorcan and Provençal influences—a Spanish Portmeirion, although there is less architectural amusement and detail. Obviously, it is built very much to a budget that Clough Williams-Ellis would never have approved. Laing Construction were the builders. Many of the apartments here were sold off-plan and those early buyers at least doubled their investment. Bendinat has attracted many flamboyant captains of industry and commerce, such as Mark Weinberg, Peter Nicholson, Tommy Sopwith and Jennifer d'Abo. According to David Vaughan, at Bendinat's Knightsbridge office, this has helped sales to other British business people who appreciate the value of networking. Where available, one- to four-bedroom apartments cost from £70,000 to £220,000 and, as always, the promoters emphasize the low service charges (maximum £2,000 per annum) and a comprehensive range of services.

It is apparent that all these developments suit and are cleverly marketed towards a new breed of British buyer, probably in the 35-55 age group, with a high disposable income, usually married with children, and who has little time to plan or organize a holiday or weekend. These developments offer a trouble-free restful time with a good ambience of like-minded people—and all you have to do is pick up the telephone and say you are arriving ○

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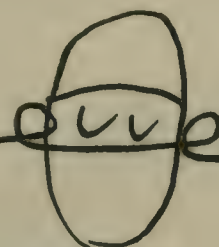
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Stop the speed spiral

Stuart Marshall reports on moves to put the brakes on illegally fast cars

CARS WHICH are capable of law-breaking speeds leave a hole in the pocket—and often one in the licence, too. Anyone with enough money, regardless of driving experience, or lack of it, can buy a vehicle capable of 200 mph—not circuit racers but road-going cars.

The Porsche 959 has a 400 horsepower, twin-turbocharged engine and a top speed of 186 mph. Four-wheel drive helps it to rocket from a standstill to 62 mph (100 kph) in just under five seconds. If you feel that a measly 186 mph is not quite fast enough, you might put your name down for a Ferrari F40 which allegedly peaks at 201.3 mph and might even cost just a little less than a Porsche 959 when it reaches Britain later this year.

The mere existence of these cars might be regarded as an affront to common sense as well as an incitement to break the law.

Much the same could be said of a lot of other cars far more easily obtainable than the Porsche 959 and Ferrari F40. Plenty of quite ordinary executive-type saloons in the under £20,000 class will easily exceed 130 mph; a hot hatchback costing about £10,000 will be nearly as fast. Even a cheaper family car with an engine of less than 1.5 litres capacity will do more than 100 mph.

Cars in the lower price bracket have become fast by accident. In the pursuit of good fuel-economy they have aerodynamically-efficient bodies and high gearing. These characteristics allow them to return anything from 40 mpg to 50 mpg at legal cruising speeds. They also mean that anyone with a leaden foot on the accelerator can top the ton.

The hot hatchbacks—the GTIs and GTEs of various makes—are not fast by accident, but by design. They have fuel-injected and often multi-valve or turbocharged engines putting out enough power to appeal to the most macho of motorists. All will exceed 120 mph, a few get close to 130 mph and they are not expensive. Some of the sportier executive saloons have maximum speeds of about 140 mph. A Ford RS Cosworth Sierra selling for under £20,000 reaches a staggering 145 mph.

Very high top speeds are a promotional advantage at this end of the market, though the figure is always accompanied in advertisements by a coy reference to "where the law allows".

And where does the law allow? With one reservation, it doesn't. The West German autobahn network is generally unrestricted though a 81 mph (130 kph) maximum is advised and some sections are limited to 62 mph (100 kph). Larger-engined cars in Italy are permitted 87 mph (140 kph) but in every other European country the limits are lower. France has a relatively generous 81 mph. Belgium allows 74 mph (120 kph). Norway says 56 mph (90 kph) is fast enough even on its motorways.

In Germany, though, you can put your foot down and really get your fast car going at 130,



The Mercedes 300CE coupé, top speed 139 mph, covered 130 miles in 90 minutes on an autobahn

140 mph and over. But not very often. I have driven at over 160 mph on the autobahn for all of five seconds. Then I found out that a Ferrari Testarossa has very powerful brakes as well as a thunderous 12-cylinder engine. And driving back from Frankfurt in a new Mercedes 300CE, I managed 130 miles in 90 minutes. Without two long contraflows it would have been 70 minutes.

From which it follows that I have absolutely nothing against speed *per se*, only against speed in unsuitable circumstances, which means for 90 per cent of the time on the great majority of roads, Germany's autobahns included.

It is of little practical value. A journey on which you enjoy your legal right to cruise at 100 mph is completed hardly any more quickly if you raise your speed to 140 or 150 mph for a few seconds or even minutes at a time. You just have to brake that much harder when the inevitable lorry pulls out to overtake another on a two-lane stretch, signalling only as it starts to pass. Yes, it happens in Germany, too.

It concerns me that some of the enthusiast motoring magazines are living out a dangerous fantasy. Their reports of testing new and ever faster models read as though the clock had stopped in the 1950s and the roads outside built-up areas were free of any limit. Not long ago one test team boasted in print of having changed up from second to third in a Ferrari on a lochside road in Scotland at 90 mph. That is playing into the hands of those who would physically limit the top speed of all cars.

It is easily done. In Japan, once you reach 62 mph (100 kph), a pinger sounds continuously in your car and you can do nothing about it. If you keep going faster, chancing an astronomic fine, and reach a shade over 100 mph, a governor shuts off the fuel supply.

You think it could not happen here? It could. Draft regulations have been issued to ensure

that express coaches stay within the 70 mph limit on motorways by cutting off the fuel supply if they try to go faster. They will be on the statute book within months.

In Germany the Greens are after the motorist. They declared that fast-moving cars were polluting the atmosphere with exhaust emissions and helping to destroy the forests. Germany (and Switzerland) now have the toughest anti-pollution laws in Europe.

For the moment it seems as if the German motor industry has managed to fend off the imposition of a speed limit—the Greens would like it to be as low as 100 kph (62 mph)—on the autobahn. The car makers argue, quite rightly, that the high quality of the German vehicle is a reflection of the hard use it gets in the hands of domestic customers.

But what if the Greens gain an even larger share of the German vote than they hold now? What will be the next sacrificial lamb? It could be the German motorist's right to drive as fast as he likes on the autobahn.

Should that happen, the last excuse for a manufacturer to market a car capable of speeds that are illegal in every other country will disappear. All modern cars have electronic engine management systems of varying degrees of sophistication. Limiting their top speed would require only a simple and inexpensive modification. Their acceleration would be unaffected, their performance up to a predetermined maximum speed unchanged. But the horsepower-cum-maximum-speed race would come to a grinding halt.

Bearing in mind that the most potent cars today are not always controlled by skilled and socially-responsible drivers, this might not be a bad thing. Then the industry could devote more time and effort to safety improvements like traction-control systems, anti-lock brakes, four-wheel drive and four-wheel steering ○

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View from the dugout

Kevin Pakenham's long-term strategy

THE START of the year finds the City in a sober mood. Like members of a combat platoon, share dealers and bond brokers are trying to ignore the gaps left by their sacked comrades, the early casualties of corporate retrenchment. The attempted rallies in share prices have been lacking in conviction and the stability of the dollar, built on large-scale central-bank intervention, seems fragile. A policy of wait-and-see remains the best course, allowing cash to build up in the portfolio until the opportunities typically arising in bear markets become clearer. Nonetheless this is the time when the relevant trends should be spotted and new investment strategies considered. As always, sound long-term value must be the driving consideration.

On the global battleground four major developments are coming into sharper focus. The oil price although volatile, swinging between US \$16 and \$18 a barrel in a matter of days, is on a downward trend and the concern of the Saudi authorities to restore their government budget means that a price below \$15 a barrel is a real possibility over the next six months. The OPEC cartel learned a sharp lesson a year and a half ago when prices fell below US \$10 a barrel but the revenue requirements of Saudi Arabia make it harder for the kingdom to act as "swing producer"—cutting back its production to support the oil price. The evidence that the Saudis have been selling oil at a discount is ominous for the price.

A weaker oil price usually means a weaker dollar but right now this seems less likely. Central-bank intervention supporting the rate in the New Year, giving a few bloody noses to speculators in the process, looks much more convincing than before. Volume figures on US trade are improving sharply and if the dollar can be stabilized, the US trade deficit should really begin to shrink, perhaps by \$25 billion this year to \$130 billion. But if the trend is in the right direction and US domestic demand is weakening, then the dollar must be getting near its lows against other major currencies.

The USA is no longer the odd man out in world growth—Japan is expanding rapidly as is the UK and only Mainland Europe is sluggish. The danger of overheating as full capacity is reached, leading to wage and price rises, is a growing threat, but for 1989 rather than

1988. I expect some reflationary package in Germany after the May elections but it is too early to say how substantial this will be.

Now, nearly three months after the crash, its impact can be assessed. Lasting damage has been done to investor confidence and corporate earnings are being valued less highly. So what small bounce in prices there has been is unlikely to benefit from great follow-through; markets are likely to trade around 20-30 per cent below their peak 1987 figures. On the other hand, this is not leading to an immediate slowdown in domestic consumption nor have horrendous bankruptcies been caused by the crash. Perhaps not as good news as all that—bankruptcies and fear of them often mark the bottom of a bear market rather than its start.

This does not provide a very convincing case for bonds or gold, both of which should be cyclical plays in a long-term portfolio devoted to equities—though nonetheless important for that. It may be that inflation will not accelerate and real interest rates (interest rates minus inflation) may fall, but this will be good for equities too unless a severe recession occurs. So the balance of risk is not so overwhelming in favour of bonds or gold as to undermine the basic case for equities. The decision to allow cash to build seems to be the right one—after all it gives the greatest flexibility in these uncertain times.

More appropriate is the question of what currency to hold cash in. My preference is for dollars rather than sterling or marks and yen, as the dollar is likely to be within 10 per cent of its bottom and the trade figures are unlikely to deteriorate further. It is foolish to be carried away by the more extreme statements of US industrial and financial decline. On the equity

front it is worth looking at companies which have fared particularly badly from the crash, two categories in particular—exporters to the USA, and companies with very high operational gearing (i.e. costs are a very high percentage of revenue so any falls in revenue are rapidly reflected in a fall in profits).

A company which has suffered particularly from the threat to US growth and the fall in the dollar is Jaguar, which has fallen 40 per cent from its high. It is a well run company with an excellent product and should be a natural holding for a value-driven portfolio, but the need to buy is not pressing in the light of the overall market outlook. Perhaps the luxury car market has been a symptom of boom rather than a well founded trend, but I doubt it. It is the sort of sector which becomes unreasonably sold when vacuous statements like "the world will never be the same" are on everyone's lips.

Fund management companies have high operational gearing and in this sector the market falls have been immense. Here, too, the "never the same again" view has wreaked much damage. Certainly the larger independent investment management companies like Henderson Administration and G. T. Management will suffer an earnings fall from the contraction of the UK Unit Trust industry, but this is not the whole picture. Pension funds in the USA and Europe, and large institutions in Japan, need the international investment skills which are found in London. Perhaps morale will take a bit of a bashing with the prospects of bonuses sharply deflated, but if a company is selling on a share price which is even 10 times its earnings, it is the long term prospects which should be relevant. And if such companies want to take the easy way out there are plenty of large insurance companies around the world which would jump at an acquisition.

Having said all this, I would still rather stay in 20 per cent cash (albeit in dollars) and wait to see if buying opportunities emerge still lower down. I do not feel confident that a substantial rise from here is yet in prospect. The portfolio is positioned in essentially solid high-quality companies ○

Christmas proved too much for Scrooge, so Kevin Pakenham has agreed to carry on without Scrooge's help.

Kevin Pakenham is Managing Director of Foreign & Colonial Management Ltd, 1 Laurence Pountney Hill, London, EC4 (licensed dealer in securities). The portfolio may go down as well as up.



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4310 General Electric £0.05	10,000	£158.00	6,810	330	4.85
Foreign Ordinary Shares					
270 Abbott Laboratories	9,970	US\$46.875	6,950	150	2.18
180 Banque Nationale Paris Ctr	9,960	FF231.00	4,140	170	4.11
80 Bayer	9,170	DM256.80	6,900	270	3.91
270 Dun & Bradstreet	10,110	US\$52.750 X	7,820	220	2.81
290 Newmont Mining	10,170	US\$32.500	5,180	100	1.93
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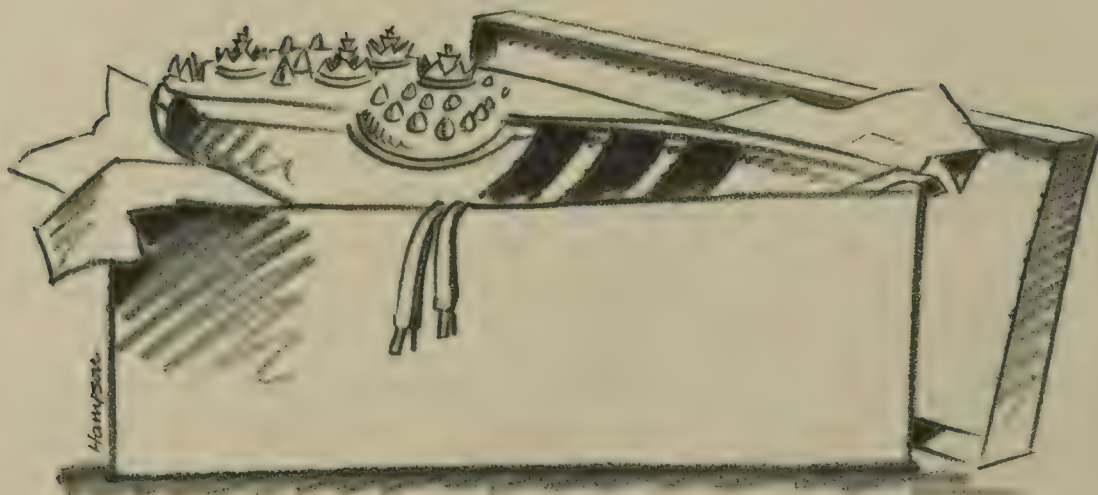
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Rustling up a feast

Matthew Fort on coping with last minute dinner guests



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"I thought I had better let you know," said my wife crisply, "that I've asked the Blanks (I withhold their true names to protect the innocent) for dinner."

"Splendid," I purred, "When?"

"Tonight. And I thought we could also have the ..."

I expect it has happened to you, your life's companion committing you to knocking up a light dinner—"nothing special, darling"—at a moment's notice. It's one of the little crosses we home chefs have to bear. It's no good saying "You asked them. You cook." They know we can't do it. A little light dinner, my foot. Nothing special? Over my dead body.

Neither do I belong to that class of person who, on getting this kind of summons, dashes off to Marks & Spencer or Sainsbury's or Duff & Trotter or some similar emporium, truffles around inside the chiller cabinet and puts together a sort of Lego dinner. I have nothing against Lego dinners *per se*, but it's not my way. I like making meals from start to finish.

In these circumstances there are four rules to follow if you don't want to leave your reputation in tatters. One: don't panic. Two: keep it simple. Three: make something you've made before (this is not the occasion for daring innovation). Four: make sure that there's plenty to drink (people will forgive almost any culinary disaster if they have drunk enough).

One: don't panic. If I'm lucky I shall be home by 7 pm, possibly 7.30 pm. The Blanks will arrive at about 8.30 pm. I hate to start eating much later than 9 pm, so I haven't a lot of leeway. So it's a quick peck on the cheek of the treacherous spouse, off with the jacket and into the kitchen.

Two: keep it simple. This follows partly from One, and partly from the limited shopping resources close to my office. On a brief foray I was able to pick up a brace of pheasants, a white cabbage, three monkfish tails, 1 lb courgettes, a lump of Parmesan cheese, a mango, a pineapple and a bottle of cider. This may seem to be a pretty random selection, but there is a certain method behind it as it leads to Rule Three: do something you've done before. From this miscellany I proposed to concoct: monkfish baked with grated courgettes; pheasants braised with cabbage and a sort of potato cake (our normal home supplies run to potatoes); cheese; a salad of mango and pineapple.

Of course, the whole menu would sound

better in French: lotte rôtie aux courgettes rapées; faisan braisé aux choux en cidre avec les galettes de pommes de terre, and so on.

Shred the courgettes on the fine grater, wack them into a pan with a largish nob of butter, about 1 oz. There is no time to do all that business with salt and rinsing and squeezing.

While the grated courgettes stew away, trim all the grey membrane off the monkfish. If you don't remove it, the membrane will contract during the baking and make the whole thing look pretty nasty. Then cut out the central bone, but making sure that the two resulting fillets are held together at the tail. By the time you have finished this the courgettes will be pleasantly stewed. Strain off any liquid and stir in a couple of tablespoonfuls of the Parmesan you've persuaded your spouse to grate for you. Plonk the three monkfish pieces on a buttered baking tray, stuff the courgette mixture between the forks of flesh. It is now ready for the final 12-15 minute blast in the oven. Gas mark 6 or 400°F should do it.

Onto the birds. A dash of salt and pepper into their innards, a quick wipe of the outsides and they are ready to be browned in a little oil.

While they sizzle away, you have time to slice up the cabbage as thinly as you possibly can, discarding all the ribs and the core, and to rinse the shreds thoroughly.

Naturally, there's a good deal of dashing backwards and forwards between the chopping board, the hob and the sink, but we're making progress, and it's only about 7.45 pm.

So pack half the cabbage into the bottom of a casserole in which you have melted a little butter, plonk your browned pheasants on top, breast downwards, tuck a bay leaf down the side and sprinkle a few peppercorns where you will, and then bury the whole lot with the rest of the cabbage. Empty the bottle of cider

(or, even better, a bottle of the Methode Champenoise Rosé de Saumur from Gratién & Meyer) into the casserole, clamp on the lid, turn up the flame to simmering point and pour yourself a reward. There is no need to worry about the white cabbage, which is practically indestructible, and the pheasants will look after themselves for the moment, and give you time to attend to the potatoes. These could scarcely be simpler. There is no need for fancy knife work, or even peeling them. It's as well to wash them thoroughly, and then on to the grater. Now you can mould the shreds of potato into whatever size of pancake you fancy, and slip them into a frying pan in which the oil is already smoking.

That's it, really. There's a bit of finishing up to do. The pancakes have to be turned over when they are crisp and brown on one side. The monkfish has got to go into the oven, and then has to be sliced across the sections when you come to serving it. If you are really convinced it needs a sauce, a light *beurre blanc* made with vermouth should do the trick. After the pheasants have been on the go for 40 minutes, I suggest you strain off the juices into a separate pan and boil them down to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint.

Finally, peel and slice the mango and arrange it in fans on individual plates with a neatly trimmed cross-section of pineapple in the centre. This isn't a serious pudding, more of a palate cleanser really, but it looks pretty and guests always see it as proof that you have taken trouble after all.

This last stage is usually carried out while your guests are chattering away happily in the next room, unwittingly obeying Rule Four.

To make sure they do so thoroughly, dash off to wherever you keep your wine. White with the fish, I think, but nothing special. My house white is the Wine Society's Sauvignon de Touraine, and that will do admirably. Red for the pheasant is more of a problem. You need something that doesn't mind being drunk straight from the cellar, as it were, and yet is robust enough to hold its own with a pretty strong-tasting dish. Chinon or Bourgeuil from the Loire would be my recommendation, although a young Beaujolais or even a Bardolino would do the trick.

It's time to sit down and take the plaudits.

"Very good, darling, but you gave them the same menu the last time they came for dinner." ○

Matthew Fort is co-author of the Peter Fort column for the Financial Times



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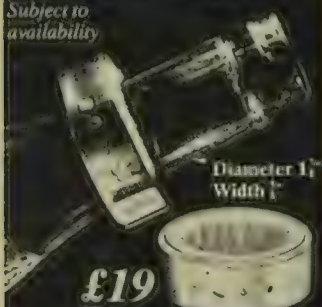
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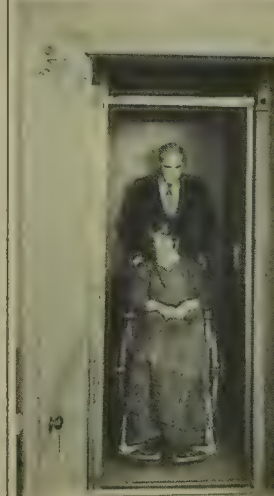
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Tranquil haven in St James's

Kingsley Amis relishes the comfort and competence of the Dukes Hotel

WHEN restaurant writers feel they have run out of things to say, they are apt to invite someone in or near the trade for a meal in the hope of picking his brains or being provoked into a fresh thought. So far I have not yet had to resort to this lifebelt myself, and devoutly hope I never do, but I have served as back-up a couple of times, and very nice it was too: a free outing, a canter over the course and none of the slightly dampening prospect of having to write about the bloody place afterwards. In these circumstances you find you go away with much stronger first impressions than usual.

So it was a year or two ago at Dukes Hotel when I played the secondary role. The bar—not just a section for drinks before the meal, but a room with a bar-counter and a barman—immediately appealed to me as most agreeably furnished and lighted in a kind of yacht-club style, with dark wood and upholstery, small, quiet, but above all comfortable and snug. My recent visits reinforced this feeling: I had found one of the best spots of its kind in London, if not the best of all. After a bit of experience you can get that far almost before you have sat down.

But to more tangible delights, the drinks. The bar here has a barman to match. He may have an equal or two somewhere in the capital but I think no superiors. We all know (if we are any good) how hard it is to produce not just a well-balanced Dry Martini but simply one that stays cold enough for long enough without the base recourse of ice-cubes in the drink. It was achieved all right at Dukes Hotel. More unexpectedly, I was served a Manhattan that justified the fame of this most difficult of cocktails.

It is almost as testing, more so in a way, to come up with a non-alcoholic cocktail that is not just a mixture of fruit juices or a variation on the Virgin Mary, and this, too, was brought off. Not that I care personally, you understand.

The building started life in late-Victorian times as a block of apartments for gentlemen, from which in clement weather they could stroll round the corner to take luncheon at White's or Boodle's or order their wines at Berry Bros, etc. If nowhere else, that era is preserved in the layout of the rooms in the present-day hotel, and the dining-room is on the same small scale as the bar and full of corners just the right size

for a single table. The effect is delightfully ungrand and cosy. This dining-room is said (though not by the management) to be exclusive, and I thought for a moment that a customer was trying to exclude me by the glare he gave me as I entered. I took him for the ghost of Evelyn Waugh until I saw he was not much below average height and must therefore be somebody quite different. It was manifestly that tweed jacket of mine at fault again.

The menu in this haven of tranquillity ranges

abounded in other starters, including my salad of young spinach leaves with wild mushrooms and what were called batons of bacon, at matchstick size a little small for waving on the conductor's rostrum but brilliantly cheering up the blander flavours.

I pass briefly over my guests' first courses, among which a veal kidney salad and a feuilleté of lobster drew the plaudits, and come to a selection of main dishes that were a tiny bit more of a mixed bag. Perhaps the look of things

comes into it again—anyway, I am always made slightly uneasy by the sight of little chunks of pink lamb laid out in a circle like the petals of a flower; it tells me I am in for a chew. This time was no exception, and rewarding as it was I did think wistfully once or twice of the melt-in-the-mouth treat I was not getting. But the fillet steak, the fillet of veal, the steamed brill in a lemon sauce were all wildly popular.

My only real cavil is at the vegetables. The potatoes are carefully and expertly done but the others let the side down: dolly portions of no fewer than seven on a mean little crescent-shaped plate. I am not sure what gets at the British when it comes to vegetables: is it foreign, continental, peasant-like to pay the same degree of attention to them as to meats? One sighs for a good couple of spoonfuls of sprouts or parsnips out of a separate dish. There need not be a wide choice: three in addition to potatoes is quite enough.

The wines at the Dukes are very well taken care of and give that cheerful feeling of being at the top of their form as you drink them. They are not, given the kind of place, wildly expensive. Clarets start at £15.50 and there are 10 at under £25. There are half a dozen at £70-£125 if you feel tempted. There are also—according to the bar list, where the figure appears twice over—special cognacs and Armagnacs that themselves go up to £125. Is this possible? I kept my

mouth firmly shut on the point.

The service here is a miracle of competence and friendliness. From the marvellously amiable head waiter downwards, they all do their best for you. I'll be back ○



from bouillabaisse and dishes cooked with strange sauces to straightforward steaks and grilled fish, a whole lobster going for £32. I looked askance at my crab and mango in a mild curry sauce, having long ago learnt to distrust any dish that appeals to the eye, but when the enveloping savoy leaf was removed all was as it had been said to be and the proportions were exactly calculated. Deliciousness

Dukes Hotel Restaurant, St James's Place, SW1 (491 4840). Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30pm, 6-10pm; Sun 12.30-2.30pm, 7-10pm. About £70 for two, excluding wine

OVERTURE

Steven Spielberg's encounters of a different kind



Steven Spielberg, left, looks pensive. Could he be dreaming up yet another blockbuster? Above, Spielberg's most recent film, *Empire of the Sun*, follows the adventures of an English schoolboy separated from his parents during the invasion of Shanghai. Below, *E.T.* is taken for a ride

IT IS A truism that the movies that are most enlightening about a society's values and aspirations are those which have been gigantic successes in that society, rather than those purporting to address one or other of the major problems besetting it. While the earnest didacticism of the latter often tends to alienate the very section of the public for which they were designed, the former, by virtue of their broad-based appeal, are clearly far more in tune with the way in which their audiences view (or idealize) themselves at that particular phase of their social and cultural evolution.

The film-maker Steven Spielberg is a case in point. Though he has not yet turned 40, at least four of his films as a director currently figure among the 10 most commercially successful in the history of the cinema (that is not a misprint: the four out of 10 are *Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial*), while one other, *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, would very likely qualify for inclusion in the top 20. As a producer, too, he has enjoyed a virtually uninterrupted sequence of mammoth hits and it

was reported that in the months following *E.T.*'s initial release in 1982 his own income from the film and the countless merchandising tie-ins it generated exceeded \$1 million a day.

The public, in short, appears to adore whatever Spielberg does; and the critical establishment has approved of a lot, if not all, of his output. But his unprecedented success has not really prompted the kind of close analysis one had a right to expect. Instead, over the years, from both critics and the director's own "peers", there has been detectable an underlying hint of animosity towards him (strangely for one whose movies have made so much money, not one of them has been awarded a Best Film Oscar), a reluctance to take him wholly seriously as an artist.

The charge is that Spielberg—who has spoken ecstatically of snuggling into a cinema seat, "a tub of popcorn between my legs", to quote his own, rather unhappily worded phrase—constitutes an example of arrested development, like Mary Pickford continuing to sport girlish ringlets and hoop skirts into late middle-age; that, as a film director, he has chronically declined ever to "grow up",

confining his attentions to the sort of puerile material that only pre-pubescent infants could wholeheartedly respond to and trading primarily in such disreputable genres as science fiction and *Boy's Own* adventure.

This accusation (especially where the two Indiana Jones films are concerned) is a legitimate one, yet making movies for or about children is not necessarily the same as making childish movies. Consider, as counter-evidence, if in quite another discipline, the child-centred works of Dickens, Stevenson, Lewis Carroll or, for that matter, J. G. Ballard, an adaptation of whose *Empire of the Sun*, a best-selling, Booker-shortlisted novel about the picaresque tribulations of a young English schoolboy in China following the Japanese invasion of 1941, is Spielberg's most recent film. And since, having been selected for the Royal Film Performance, it opens in London later this month, now may be an appropriate moment to review his significance for the cinema.

In the late 70s, when the phenomenal success (a word it is hard not to keep repeating when writing of Spielberg) of *Jaws* had propelled him at 28 to an awesome position of power within



the Hollywood system, he was usually yoked in the public consciousness with George Lucas, his friend, collaborator, fellow movie brat and creator—as producer and, at first, director—of the *Star Wars* trilogy. Of late, however, Lucas seems to have painted himself, so to speak, into a corner of the universe: the disastrous failure of his recent multi-million-dollar fantasies, *Labyrinth* and *Howard the Duck*, suggests that movie audiences have at last grown out of his intergalactic teddy bears' picnic of muppets, moppets, puppets and poppets, films in which only the effects are special.

Spielberg, for his part, has opted out of the special effects race (as one says "the arms race") and slowly proceeded to advance beyond the *future*. For him, as one sees now, the future was simply a means to an end—that end being a renewed capacity to view with wonderment the world in which he lives.

What is, after all, the most magical shot in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*? Not the protracted descent of that gem-studded gyroscope of a spacecraft which provides the film with a fittingly spectacular climax, but the starry night in Muncie, Indiana, during which a

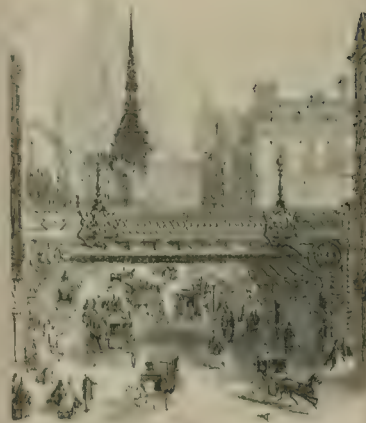
child's playthings, as in innumerable "toyshop" ballets of the 20s, whirl mysteriously into life without the intervention of human agency. The child himself, a flaxen-haired four-year-old with enormous, devouring eyes and a dreamy sideways smile, has been endowed with an other-worldly air somewhat more disquieting than that surrounding the Giacometti stick figures who eventually emerge from inside the spacecraft. Reflected in the piercing purity of his gaze, the earth seems for the film's duration to become once again what it has never truly ceased to be—just another planet rolling through space and open to visitation by its neighbours. And in *E.T.* nothing strikes the spectator as quite so miraculous as the levitation of an infant's bicycle: a bicycle, not a flying saucer, which would have neutralized the supernatural charge.

E.T. and the spacecraft of *Close Encounters* may have departed, but the world they have left behind has been irreversibly altered, there being a glowing after-image of congress with the supernatural faintly yet indelibly superimposed upon it. Space was a diversion for Spielberg. He exploited it, as preachers exploit the firmament,

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Steven Spielberg's creativity does not end on the film set. When at home, cooking in his spacious kitchen is one way he chooses to relax

to brush our planet with the sacred; or, rather, with the sacred's modern, secular equivalent, the *fantastique*.

By investing the world in this way with a glow of wonderment, Spielberg is actually taking his place in a tradition of Hollywood pantheism, a tradition reaching back, via such film-makers as John Ford and Frank Capra and King Vidor, to D. W. Griffith, the supreme pioneer of the American cinema. Griffith was not only the director of *The Birth of a Nation* but a chronicler of idyllic, turn-of-the-century Americana—a form of Americana less urbanized, but hardly less nostalgically idealized, than Spielberg's own.

From Griffith, certainly, he derives his Manichaean attitude to the universe and its physical co-ordinates. In Spielberg's films the representatives of Good—and there are many of them—communicate with humanity from *above* (E.T., the spacecraft in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) and the representatives of Evil from *below* (the shark in *Jaws*, the putrefying but still animated corpses in the Spielberg-produced *Poltergeist*, and also that whole subterranean web of temples, crypts and caverns that runs through *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*—quite patently, Spielberg is a secret sufferer from claustrophobia who returns to the underground caverns of his nightmares as obsessively as the tongue will return to the tiny cavern vacated by a loose filling). And from Griffith, too (and from Griffith's own model, Dickens), he has inherited the ineradicable prestige of childhood, which remains, for better or worse, at the core of his imaginative world, as its meaning and its redeeming myth.

There is also a child at the centre of *Empire of the Sun*, one with the suggestively Stevensonian name of Jim. Separated from his parents in the panicky stampede which follows the Japanese invasion of Shanghai, he is taken under the ambiguous wing of an American adventurer named Basie, a strange and slightly Long John Silverish character who helps him survive the horror and sheer drudgery of internment. For anyone familiar with Spielberg's films, Basie is recognizable as the latest in a lengthening line

of surrogate fathers to fatherless children: very many of his young protagonists who befriend or are befriended by aliens happen to be the offspring of divorced parents, living with their mothers—as was the case, surely not coincidentally, of Spielberg himself.

Having annexed Ballard's hero to remake him in his own image, Spielberg then enhaloes him in that quasi-religious glow in which most of his work is bathed. There is, in fact, a line in the movie that encapsulates the essence of the director's style. It is 1945. Jim has been a prisoner of the Japanese for four years, in the course of which he has been transformed from a well-spoken, upper-middle-class English lad in a school blazer and baggy grey flannel shorts into a precociously go-getting, Americanized adolescent, the Bilko of *Tenko*. But the war is drawing to its end, the prison camps have been hastily evacuated and the depopulated landscape through which he wanders, half-crazed from starvation, is suddenly irradiated by an incandescent white light. It is the lethally transfiguring glow of the Hiroshima fallout, but to Jim, in his pre-nuclear innocence, it is "like God taking a photograph".

The danger here—a danger that, for all his great gifts, Spielberg has not yet learned to avoid—is, of course, of sentimentality, of what might be termed a Nazification of feeling, a goose-stepping of human warmth. Tears, of which one sheds not a few when watching his films, may be "jerked"; they should not be drilled. Spielberg, the near-infallible Wunderkind of his generation, in possession of what the English critic Richard Combs admired as "one of the most eloquent narrative techniques in contemporary cinema", intoxicated by the manipulative power he thereby wields, gives the impression of being determined to direct not merely his cast but his audience—in other words, everyone in the auditorium must weep on cue—and what he has yet to master is the precise dosage of that power.

Seriously flawed as it may be, however, his work continues to hold out the best hope for a certain endangered species of film-making. The cinema is polarized now as never before. The

middle ground between strictly art-house products and Saturday matinee fodder has turned into a barren wasteland; and with the crime rate rising on screen even more vertiginously than off it, the camera has become a kind of machine-gun. Directed against an actor, its instinct is to mow him down.

More and more, so it would appear, the film-maker is someone who hunkers down behind his camera with a mentality barely less aggressive and less cut-throat than that of a soldier behind a gun. Frame by frame, a reel of film is threaded through the camera like bullets being fed into a machine-gun; such specifically cinematic terms as "shooting" and "cutting" have come to coincide with their least savoury and most sanguinary connotations; and the idea of an "interesting shot" seems these days to apply more accurately to some novel or ingenious technique for killing off one's characters. In film after film, the most emblematic visuals are of death and destruction, of characters shot, both by a gun and by the camera, and no longer as formerly through the heart, neatly, cleanly, swiftly, but through the eyes, the mouth, the forehead, the testicles, any part of the body that might produce the requisitely striking image.

Steven Spielberg is the great exception to that rule. His films have never been guilty (except, unfortunately, those featuring Indiana Jones) of gratuitously sadistic on-screen violence, and even in *Empire of the Sun*, where the temptation must have been great, the number of graphic atrocities is remarkably modest.

This, then, is why his example impresses me as crucial to the survival of the cinema as a genuinely populist medium: because he is keeping the middle ground alive and inhabited; because, rejecting the easier option of self-styled "lyrical violence", he tells what another critic praised as "authentic tales of an Oedipal inspiration, of the search for the father and the quest for law and responsibility"; and above all because, whatever their shortcomings, his are not cramped, cruel or mean-spirited films but reveal a fundamentally generous nature, generous in emotion and humour, invention and spectacle ○

—GILBERT ADAIR

The year of the student revolutionaries

NON FICTION

Sixty-Eight, The Year of the Barricades

by David Caute
Hamish Hamilton, £14.95

DOES IT make sense to write the history of a year? Whether it does or not there is already every sign that we shall be regaled with many an instant survey of 1968. It is the sort of theme which appeals to trendy journalists, nostalgic media men and women, now in their 40s, reliving those days when "Bliss was it that dawned to know that to be young was very heaven."

Wordsworth in later years was to take a rather different and more sensible view of the French Revolution. One can only hope that at least some of the leaders and adulterers of the "Class of 1968" will, or perhaps already do, follow his example. They have even more cause to revise their youthful judgments than the romantic radicals who hailed the fall of the Bastille. For one can at least say that 1789 was a real turning point in history—like 1914, 1917, 1939 and 1945. Atrocious acts occurred and fearful crimes were committed. An immense amount of turbid non-sensical drivel was printed, orated and screamed. One can deplore what happened but reluctantly recognize that for good or ill—mostly for ill—the world was never the same again.

In the case of 1968—the year of student revolt—one can merely deplore what happened. The events had little or no effect on what followed, except perhaps by indirectly stimulating a right-wing reaction not only against the idiocies of the young but, ironically, against the smug "liberal" consensus corporatism of the older generation, to which they objected.

It is worth remembering what occurred on the political scene during that year. In America, Richard Nixon won the presidential election and inaugurated what

would have been, but for Watergate, 20 continuous years of Republican domination. As it was, the Republicans have occupied the White House for three-quarters of the period and on current form look very likely to go on into the 1990s. When England had a chance to vote, the country opted for the Conservatives. If Edward Heath had not lost his nerve in 1972, they, too, would probably have had a long continuous run; the Wilson/Callaghan government of 1974-79 looks more and more like a Carter-type interlude—an eddy against a steady Tory stream.

Even more striking was the case of France. In Paris, volatile, erratic and excitable as so often, it almost looked as if the government would be overthrown. In 1848 or 1871 or at any time under the Fourth Republic it might have been. But de Gaulle bided his time and won a decisive electoral victory which was followed by 13 years of rule by the Right. The muffled consensus of the 50s and 60s has indeed vanished. But history has been replaced by "permanent revolution." It is ironic to reflect that the beneficiaries of Cohn-Bendit and Rudi Dutschke—cult heroes of the student radicals—have been Nixon and Reagan, Pompidou and Giscard d'Estaing, and Margaret Thatcher.

Perhaps they would not have worried too much. They had no rational policy, no practicable plan. The student revolutionaries of America and Europe were simply enjoying acting the part of revolutionaries without even considering their objective. It was an excuse for protest, drugs, promiscuity, obscenity, intolerance, cruelty and mindless barbaric violence. Since the agitation was entirely within an élite, the students—for the working class regarded it with contempt—the drama or farce was played out on the stage of the university campus. Oxford and Cambridge were not immune but their lack of campus



Students rebel against the establishment in the Paris riots, May, 1968. Seen on the right, a student in a white shirt, they achieved little with their show of protest

saved them from the worst of the contagion which was, in any case, milder in England than it was elsewhere.

Mr Caute describes the event in America and Europe in a kaleidoscopic journal based on scissors-and-paste sources. He has been a Fellow of All Souls but his style suggests that he has rebelled against that institution and much else too. It is breathless and ungrammatical, for example: "Pseudo-radical America was spraying its porm with Third World symbols like mediocre cooks use oriental spices."

And must he constantly refer to American students as "the Kids"? The book sounds as if it is meant for a television series—each chapter beginning with a passage in the historic present—camera shot to Bobby Kennedy's murder, shot to Dubcek, shot to the Chicago police riot... and so on.

It is all too jerky, sporadic and undisciplined for a reader who hopes to make sense of this curious ebullition of lunacy.

Not that there was any sense in it, but even nonsense on this scale deserves some attempt at an

explanation. Mr Caute writes of the radical students: "What were they: courageous visionaries or romantic utopians. Genuine revolutionaries or posturing snobs...?" This book aims to provide a history which will yield tentative answers to these questions. "The aim is not achieved."

It is often said that Vietnam was the cause. In a sense it was in America, though not one wholly flattering to the students. The usual routine protests had been going on long before 1968. What sparked off the rebellion of these young enemies of privilege was the removal of one of their own—graduate immunity from the draft; they were now to be treated like blacks and poor whites. This was intolerable. But the spread to Europe, where the Vietnam war meant nothing, is a puzzle. Mr Caute does not solve it. 1968 was a disreputable year everywhere, save in Poland and Czechoslovakia. Mr Caute's account of those aborted revolutions which really meant something is adequate, but deserves far more space than it gets in this disappointing book.

—ROBERT BLAKE

RECENT FICTION

The Mushroom-Picker
by Zinovy Zinik
Translated by Michael Glenney
Heinemann, £11.95
Limestone and Lemon Wine
by Thomas Shapcott
Chatto and Windus, £10.95
Perfect Gallows
by Peter Dickinson
Bodley Head, £10.95
Greek Gifts
by T. J. Binyon
Hamish Hamilton, £10.95

"THERE ARE fish here and fish over there. But one should not confuse a saucy fish-pick with an aquarium." In Zinovy Zinik's *The Mushroom-Picker* this arrestingly cryptic aphorism is attributed to a homesick 18th-century Russian serf, Apples Zyblov, who becomes a celebrated chef in London and ends up in the Royal Hospital with fatal convulsions of the stomach after swallowing an entire tub of dirty water at the Turkish baths.

Mushroom, fish, soup, dirty water, stomach. The list gives some indication of the lurid

connotation of recurrent motifs in a novel about the ambiguity of émigré existence which is set in a world dominated by the atomic mushroom and whose central character, Konstantin, is a Russian obsessed by Western cuisine. While he is on trial in London for manslaughter it emerges that he has written a novel called *Home-stickness*. His hero is a Russian historian who comes to England, studies the life of Zyblov and realizes that the meaning of his celebrated deathbed pronouncement was that "A Russian, used to stewing in the fish-soup of Russian life, could not survive in the company of cold-blooded fish from the aquarium of Western civilization." Through his own homesickness the professor rediscovers Russia as something "unique, tragic, Messianic and chosen."

The terms in which Zinik's far from heroic Konstantin ultimately rationalizes his acceptance of Soviet ideology are less axiomatic: "Keep away from power; power is evil, leave it to us." Dissidents may talk dissidence but not publicly—such is the advice he gives to Zinik,

who steps into the framework of his own fiction in the last chapter, *The Trial*. The tortuous process by which Konstantin reaches this conclusion begins with his dismissal from his post as an economic statistician at Moscow's Academy of Sciences, which obliges him to take a job as a factory gate-keeper. It is his knowledge of food that makes him a popular host among friends who know nothing of the anti-Soviet fabrications in the treatise he is writing called *Russian Cooking—A Story of Terror and Cannibalism*. This work, which he hopes to get published in the West, uses the blackest of legends about the decline of the Russian diet to show foreign recipes in a favourable light. His English wife, Clea, labouring over the translation of this indigestible work, begins to understand the schizophrenic condition that convicts Konstantin "that his stomach was virtually the soul of Russia".

Zinik's satire, enriched by an element of fantasy reminiscent of Gogol, is at its best in the earlier chapters, when he reveals the workings of the black market in pilfering, brandy smuggling with the aid of condoms, and Konstantin's tribute to Western civilization in the form of parties and the endless supply of imported quined food, which undermines Clea's faith in him as the true representative of proletarian Russia.

Later sequences in England, like the nocturnal mushroom-picking expedition to a missile base, display a robust Lancelotti humour which I think is overdue. (It is here that another intruder falls, with fatal consequences, on the knife Konstantin uses for cutting the mushrooms.) And Zinik's approach to direct social criticism is superficial.

In Konstantin, nevertheless, he offers a striking portrait of *homo sovieticus*, as an involuntary exile and cultural misfit whose final rejection of the West is prompted

not simply by his failure to find a decent herring in Harrods but by a conviction that peace will come only in an age of universal double-think.

A young spaniel, its intestines torn by ground glass, is one of the victims of the eponymous villain in "The Phantom Baiter", the opening story in the Australian writer Thomas Shapcott's collection, *Limestone and Lemon Wine*. While the baiter terrorizes the small town of Limestone the air is thick with malicious gossip. In "Territories", an accountant helping people to claim for their dependants on their tax returns, has a client found guilty of incest. "Small Town Story" shows a local tycoon involved in a Chevrolet agency learning how to use other people's capital for his own investments. With their vivid portraiture and concise documenting of human behaviour, these stories suggest that, beneath the surface, there is little difference between "small town" life and any other kind.

Perfect Gallows begins and ends with the death by hanging of a black servant in a large house in bedlam. What is reconstructed in between is a dark drama of inheritance, at its centre the wealthy vindictive monster Sir Arnold Wragge and his nephew Andrew who, pursuing success as an actor, does not want a penny of the old man's money. One of his aunts, a theatre enthusiast, produces *The Tempest*, and appropriately Peter Dickinson's ingenious tale reflects that play's concern with revenge, power, magic and identity.

T. J. Binyon's thriller, *Greek Gifts*, is about Sir Henry Pessoy, the head of an Oxford college, who kills himself. His past—especially his wartime collaboration with the Greek Resistance—is then investigated by his son-in-law. What follows seems at first to be no more than the clichéd pursuit of buried treasure. But Mr Binyon reveals himself to be a master of the red herring.

—IAN STEWART

REVIEWS

Jonathan Miller's *Andromache* suffers in the translation; Bertolucci's *The Last Emperor* reveals a glimpse of imperial Peking; the Royal Opera's *Parsifal* is unsuitably staged

THEATRE

Rigid Racine from Miller

IN BEGINNING his year's managerial term at the Old Vic with the tragic *Andromache* by Racine, Jonathan Miller set himself an acute problem. To appreciate this play fully it is necessary to hear it in the original rhymed alexandrines, and what we get in an English version—the present one by Eric Korn—can be only an impression.

Miller's direction has kept firmly to the point. His dignified production in 17th-century costume is without theatrical excesses. From the first we are in a world of myth where the unities must be preserved, intentions cannot be distorted, even if Richard Hudson's set is.

Orestes is in love with Hermione, who is in love with Pyrrhus, who is in love with his captive Trojan, *Andromache*. Most of the characters, whom we meet in Euripides at an unexpected point in the Trojan war, are from children of the generation concerned in the long siege. Hermione is the daughter of Helen and Menelaus, Orestes is the son of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, and Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, is the son of Achilles. *Andromache*, whom he holds victim, is the widow of his

father's wartime victim, Hector.

Throughout the tragedy we are conscious of the great mythological names that stream like a banner above the action. Though this action seems at first to deal only with the distressed mother, *Andromache*—anxious to save her and Hector's son Astyanax from the vengeance of the Greeks—Racine's story is concerned ultimately with passion in high places, a passion that must fall to dust.

The director calls it "a web of obsessive relationships and revenge". Psychologically, we may wonder at the fierce change of mind of Hermione (something that had the first audience at the Old Vic in some doubt), but Penelope Wilton carries it off. What worried me more was the occasional slackening of the text which in the main seemed curiously grey.

Probably this sense is heightened by the stylized treatment of the characters. Whatever they do vocally, their pattern of movement is firmly maintained until near the end. It can bother audiences unused to the conventions of Racine, and more accustomed (especially at the Old Vic) to the freedom of Shakespeare.

Jonathan Miller is fortunate in his casting of the women. *Andromache* and Hermione. *Andromache*'s part may be the most moving in its maternal sorrow, but Janet Suzman gives it a steady

emotional drive. Penelope Wilton does not falter in the extremely difficult frenzy of Hermione, caught between love and hate. Of the men, Peter Eyre as Pyrrhus begins the play with supple speaking—a quality which he does not seem to maintain—and Kevin McNally declines with resolution into the madness of Orestes.

—J. C. TREWIN

CHINA

The Emperor turned gardener

CHINA is now accessible to the western film-maker. The Royal Film Performance on March 21 will offer the British premiere of Steven Spielberg's epic, *Empire of the Sun*, from J.G. Ballard's account of the wartime internment of a British schoolboy in Shanghai. But preceding it is Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinary film, *The Last Emperor*, based on the life of Pu Yi, who inherited the Dragon Throne at the age of three years before China became a republic in 1912. The child continued to be a godlike emperor but only behind the walls of the Forbidden City in Peking (now Beijing) which he could never leave.

Within this strange, sealed enclave thousands of years of imperial traditions were scrupulously followed.

In 1924 Pu Yi was expelled and led to Tientsin. In the next decade he became a western playboy, an ex-commander with an empty life. But after the Japanese invasion of Manchuria he was beguiled into accepting their invitation to serve as the puppet emperor of the new state of Manchukuo. It was a role that would please neither the Kuomintang of Chiang Kai-shek nor the post-war People's Republic of Mao Tse-tung. At the end of the Second World War he fell not into American hands but into those of the Communists, who led him off to spend many years in prison, and undergo instruction in re-education in Maoist dogma. In 1959 he was pardoned



Peter O'Toole as Reginald Johnston.

tutor to child emperor Pu Yi in Bertolucci's film *The Last Emperor*

and released and he spent the remaining years of his life happily continuing as a humble municipal gardener in Peking.

Bertolucci, with Mark Peploe as his screenwriter, has taken this remarkable story, told in recent books by Brian Power and Edward Behr, and created a film of astonishing beauty, fascination and originality. The production designer, Ferdinando Scarfotti, re-created the splendours of the Ch'ing dynasty, with Vittorio Storaro shooting within the Forbidden City itself, sometimes with many thousands of Chinese extras. There are many memorable sequences; for instance the scene in which the dowager empress hands over the succession on her deathbed, one of the most amazing ever committed to celluloid, displaying an extravagant baroque panoply exceeding in pomp anything Hollywood has ever done to simulate the excesses of imperial China.

The adult Pu Yi is played by the Chinese-American actor John Lone, who manages to embrace the drastic metamorphoses of character without sacrificing credibility. It is an accomplished performance, maintaining a steady confidence. Peter O'Toole, as the Scottish tutor, Reginald Johnston, who exercises a powerful and eventually disastrous influence over Pu Yi, suggests disturbing ambiguities in a small but memorable part.

Bertolucci has structured his film in a series of interrupted flashbacks which occasionally mar the narrative flow. It is a minor quibble for a film which for the most part satisfies on a high level and must already be regarded as one of the best of 1988.

John Badham's *Stakeout* unites Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez, one of Martin Scorsese's three acting sons, as detectives engaged in watching the house of Madeleine Stowe, who plays the former girlfriend of an escaped psychopathic killer (Aidan Quinn), in the hope that he will attempt to reach her. The under-

cover assignment is hampered by Dreyfuss who, in pretending to be a telephone repair-man, becomes romantically involved with the girl, with his partner monitoring their every move on an impressive array of surveillance equipment in the empty house opposite.

Badham's comedy thriller, with its voyeuristic overtones, is not without its sinister side and, but for the subtlety of Dreyfuss's acting, the implications of a cop taking advantage of the quarry's ignorance of his identity would seem to cross the moral divide.

For some reason, although it is set in the Pacific north-west port of Seattle, the film was shot across the Canadian border in Vancouver. Geographical displacement is usually due to financial considerations, but one wonders why the film-makers could not have made Vancouver the setting. Or perhaps Canadian policemen are above such misbehaviour.

—GEORGE PERRY
George Perry is also film editor of *The Sunday Times*

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Peter Eyre as Pyrrhus and Janet Suzman as *Andromache*



RONALD COOPER

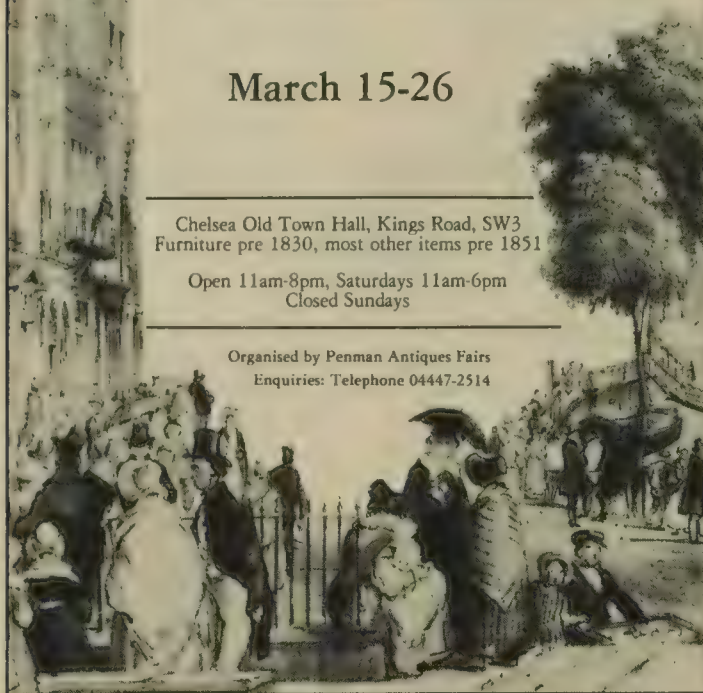
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OPERA

Austerity hits Parsifal

THE ROYAL OPERA is sadly out of luck in the matter of *Parsifal*—or it has failed to learn from past mistakes. Nine years ago it engaged an eminent theatre director with no experience of opera, Terry Hands, to stage the last production—with dire results. Now the no less distinguished but operatically untried Bill Bryden has had his turn and, if the outcome is hardly calamitous, it certainly fails to match up to the musical scale and mystical complexity of Wagner's final music-drama. He has jettisoned the composer's medieval Spanish setting in Monsalvat in favour of a bombed cathedral with its roof open to the sky (designed by Hayden Griffin) where the legend of Parsifal is being performed before the sheltering congregation. Their costumes set the time in the 1940s. A searchlight beam hints at the threat of further enemy action. The front gauze, with its white dove superimposed on a red flag, does not clarify the situation.

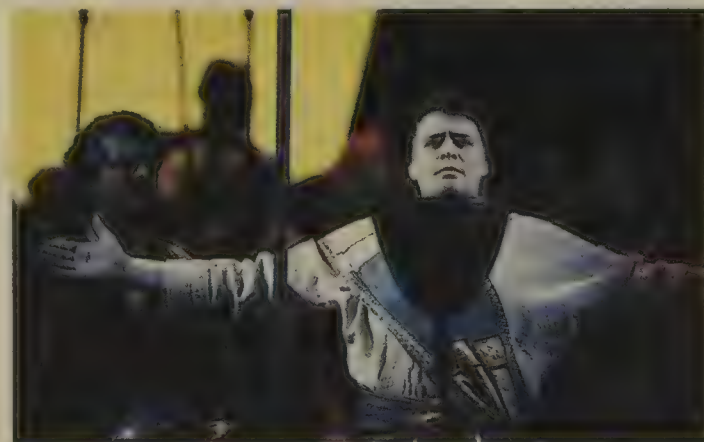
During the Prelude—a luminous and eloquent pointer to Bernard Haitink's reading of the score—the congregation can be seen assembling and being greeted by their kindly priest. His baggy cardigan and trousers are further pointers to a period of austerity. As the Prelude ends he is helped on with a golden cope to enact the

solemn Communion ritual.

However, the concept falters in the middle act when the action moves to the realm of the sorcerer, Klingsor. The magical transformations called for here, which could be convincingly achieved with modern stage technology, have no place in this simplified setting. We are offered a version of Klingsor's garden and a bevy of enticing Flower Maidens in decorous nightdresses that might suffice for a church hall production but which fall dismally short of the images conjured up in the music. As for the tricky spear-hurling which marks Parsifal's defeat of Klingsor's power, its ineptitude merely produced titters.

Back in the cathedral shell, the concluding events of Parsifal's return and the second Grail ceremony do not scale the heights reached by the music. Haitink's interpretation, already meticulously conducted and finely played by the Royal Opera Orchestra, can nevertheless be expected to gain in depth and intensity.

The cornerstone of the performance is Robert Lloyd's wonderfully natural and warmly sung Gurnemanz; he makes the long, difficult passages of narration particularly telling. In the title role, the German tenor Peter Seiffert grows in stature from the innocence of the first act to the intensity



Parsifal (Peter Seiffert) performs the Grail ceremony

role of the venerable Gurnemanz.

Irritating as are all dumb-show intrusions on operatic preludes and overtures, they are here essential to set the stage for Mr Bryden's cosy interpretation of Wagner's libretto, the effect of which is to emphasize its religious content at the expense of the mystic and philosophical elements. This is brought home with grave reverence in the first Grail scene, when the male members of the congregation participate in the

of the second, but at the first performance he had little in reserve for the climax. His compatriot Waltraud Meier sings Kundry with passionate but controlled fervour and conveys the extremes of the character. Willard White projects powerfully as Klingsor, and John Connell is a resonant Titirel. Only Simon Estes disappoints, his dry-toned singing barely hinting at Amfortas's mental and physical anguish ○

—MARGARET DAVIES

The capital list

A discerning guide to entertainment in the city



Musical comedy *Nite Club Confidential* opens at the Playhouse, with Ruth Madoc



Christian Bale stars in Steven Spielberg's latest film *Empire of the Sun*

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section.

Back with a Vengeance! Barry Humphries, in his many disguises, outrages & entertains, torments & flings "gladdies" at his audience. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc). REVIEWED JAN, 1988.

The Best of Friends. New play from Hugh Whitmore starring Rosemary Harris, Ray McNally & John Gielgud. Until Apr 2. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc 434 3598).

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. Tennessee Williams's classic with Ian Charleson & Lindsay Duncan. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Curtains. Transfer from the Hampstead Theatre of Stephen Bill's acclaimed drama about age & euthanasia. Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc 379 6565).

Entertaining Strangers. David Edgar's expansive community play about the clash of wills between a 19th-century Dorchester brewery proprietress (Judi Dench) & an evangelical parson (Tim Pigott-Smith). Cottesloe, National Theatre.

The Foreigner. Nicholas Lyndhurst works out an involved "No English" gag in Larry Shue's new comedy. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Lettice & Lovage. Maggie Smith & Margaret Tyzack lead the cast in Peter Shaffer's original comedy about the relationship between two formidable women. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, cc 741 9999).

One for the Road. Willy Russell's play

Not to be missed . . . Bertolucci's film *The Last Emperor* & Loose Tubes at Ronnie Scott's. Stay clear of . . . the London Drinker Beer Festival, Camden Centre, Mar 23-25

provides Russ Abbott with his first straight role, as a man on the eve of his 40th birthday harking back to his student days. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

The Rink. Josephine Blake & Diane Langton in the musical tale of a roller-skating rink. Directed by Paul Kerryson. Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2 (379 5299, cc).

Separation. Excellent performances from David Suchet & Saskia Reeves in Tom Kempinski's sparky two-hander. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

Serious Money. Caryl Churchill's brilliant City comedy. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Shirley Valentine. Pauline Collins stars as a middle-aged housewife in Willy Russell's one-woman comedy, directed by Simon Callow. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

A Small Family Business. Ayckbourn's comedy about corruption in a family business grows steadily blacker, ending with a dénouement that is hard to accept. Stephen Moore takes the lead. Olivier, National Theatre.

South Pacific. West End revival for one of Rodgers & Hammerstein's best musicals which will be thoroughly enjoyed by musical lovers. With Gemma Craven, Bertice Reading & Emile Belcourt who is excellent as Emile de Becque. Prince of Wales, Cov-

entry St, W1 (839 5987, cc 240 7200).

You Never Can Tell. Accomplished & high-spirited revival of the Bernard Shaw comedy, with Michael Hordern superb as the waiter, William. Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). Until Mar 5. REVIEWED FEB, 1988

FIRST NIGHTS

The Browning Version/Harlequinade. Terence Rattigan double bill with Paul Eddington & Dorothy Tutin. Opens Mar 17. Royalty, Portugal St, WC2 (831 0660, cc).

Cymbeline. transfers from Stratford-Upon-Avon with David Bradley, Nicholas Farrell & Harriet Walter. Opens Mar 22. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Happgood. New Tom Stoppard mixing spies & physics. Felicity Kendal & Nigel Hawthorne star. Opens Mar 8. Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc).

The Jew of Malta. transfers from Stratford with Alun Armstrong as Barabas. Opens Mar 23. Barbican.

Nite Club Confidential. Musical comedy with Ruth Madoc & Kathryn Evans. Opens Mar 9. Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, SW1 (839 4401, cc 240 7200).

'Tis Pity She's a Whore. Alan Ayckbourn directs Rupert Graves & Suzan Sylvester in a revival of John Ford's best-known play, c 1672. Opens Mar 3. Olivier, National Theatre,

South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). **A Touch of the Poet.** Timothy Dalton forsakes filmic frolics for Vanessa Redgrave in Eugene O'Neill's drama of an Irish-American family. Opens Mar 8. Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

The Tutor. Comic melodrama by Reinhold Lenz, adapted by Bertolt Brecht. Angelika Hurwicz directs, with Niamh Cusack & Windsor Davies. Opens Mar 15. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

FRINGE

Black Sheep. Modern-day Cain and Abel story by Derrick Cameron, presented by the first-rate Temba Theatre Company. Mar 2-26. Young Vic Studio, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc 379 4444).

Every Black Day. Don Hale's drama interweaving the life-story of thriller-writer Chester Himes with that of his creations. Until Mar 5. Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000).

The Last Supper. Controversial Howard Barker from the Leicester Haymarket Theatre. Opens Mar 3. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

The Musical Comedy Murders of 1940. Tongue-in-cheek comedy-thriller from John Bishop, with isolated country mansions, bodies in the library and Nazis on the prowl. Mar 23-May 7. Greenwich Theatre, Crooms Hill, SE10 (858 7755, cc 853 3800).

Oh Babylon! British première of Derek Walcott's drama mingling music & politics. Set in Jamaica in 1966, it focuses on a visit from Haile Selassie. Until Mar 12. Riverside, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, cc 379 4444).

The Pixie Led. New absurdist comedy by Max Harris, based on two short stories by Gogol. Feb 29-Mar 19.



Doris Saatchi by Robert Mapplethorpe on view at the National Portrait Gallery



The Royal Ballet perform The Sons of Horus inspired by Egyptian mythology

Latchmere Theatre, 503 Battersea Park Rd, SW11 (228 2620).

The Possibilities. A season of 10 recent works by Howard Barker. Until Mar 19. Almeida, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404).

The Quartered Man. New play by Donald Freed, with Barry Foster and Frank Grimes. The action takes place in the US Embassy in Costa Rica and investigates the secret war being fought in Central America by the CIA. Until Mar 5. Shaw, 100 Euston Rd, NW1 (388 1394, cc 387 6293).

Savannah Bay. The Foco Novo Theatre Company present the first British production of Marguerite Duras's popular two-woman play, with Faith Brook & Alexandra Mathie. Mar 9-20. Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 2223, cc).

Standing Alone. Jack Klaff's prisoner-of-conscience double bill. Feb 29-Mar 26. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Trinidad Sisters. Mustapha Matura reworks another classic along the lines of his excellent *Playboy of the West Indies*, this time setting Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* in Port of Spain in 1939. Until Mar 5. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

STAYERS

Beyond Reasonable Doubt, Queens (734 1166); **Cats**, New London (405 0072); **Chess**, Prince Edward (734 8951); **Follies**, Shaftesbury (379 5399); **42nd Street**, Drury Lane (836 8108); **Kiss Me Kate**, Savoy (836 8888); **Les Liaisons Dangereuses**, Ambassador's (836 6111); **Me & My Girl**, Adelphi (836 7611); **Les Misérables**, Palace (434 0909); **The Mousetrap**, St Martin's (836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera**, Her Majesty's (839 2244); **Run For Your Wife**, Criterion (930 3216); **Starlight Express**, Apollo Victoria (828 8665).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

Angel Dust (15). Atmospheric film noir directed by Edouard Niermans.

Bernard Giraudeau plays a shabby cop & Fanny Bastien a strange girl who enters his life & proves to be the link in a series of savage murders.

Barfly (18). Mickey Rourke lets his stubble grow once more for his portrayal of a brilliant writer who also happens to be an alcoholic drop-out. The story involves the broadening of his horizons as he falls for the beautiful, but alcoholic, Faye Dunaway. Opens Mar 4. Cannons, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148); Chelsea, Kings Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc); Haymarket, W1 (839 1527); Premiere, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 4470); Screen on the Green, 83 Upper St, N1 (226 3520).

The Courier (18). Unpretentious Irish thriller in which Colette (Cait O'Riordan from the band "The Pogues") & Mark (Padraig O'Loingsigh) get embroiled with a local drugs baron. Although the plot occasionally loses its way, the film is pacy, reeks of its Dublin locations & boasts great performances from Gabriel Byrne as the dealer & Ian Bannen as the pursuing policeman McGuigan.

Empire of the Sun (15). Steven Spielberg's new film takes a boy's-eye view of life in a Chinese prisoner of war camp. Starring Christian Bale. Opens Mar 22. Warner West End, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534). FEATURE ON P74.

Fatal Attraction (18). Michael Douglas bites off more than he can chew when, with his wife out of town, he leaves a party with Glenn Close for a one-night stand. Glossy "woman-scorned" thriller from Adrian Lynne. REVIEWED JAN, 1988.

The Last Emperor (15). Sumptuous & stylized account of the life of Pu Yi, the last emperor of China, who ascended the throne aged three as a god & died in Peking in 1967 a gardener. Directed by Bernardo Bertolucci & starring John Lone, Joan Chen & Peter O'Toole. Opens Feb 26. Odeon, Leicester Square, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929). REVIEW ON P80.

The Lost Boys (15). Brothers Michael & Sam, played by Jason Patric & Corey Haim, move to a strange new town & get involved with the kind of people who only ever come out at night. Director Joel Schumacher pitches this enjoyable vampire movie just right & Kiefer Sutherland (son of Donald) exudes considerable

menace as the town tearaway, David. **Nuts** (18). Barbra Streisand plays an up-market hooker who kills in self-defence & then refuses to take the easy way out & plead insanity at her trial. Richard Dreyfuss is her lawyer. REVIEWED FEB, 1988.

Orphans (15). Lyle Kessler's play translates beautifully to the screen thanks to the superlative performances of the three stars—Matthew Modine & Kevin Anderson as the two lonely orphaned brothers living in a decaying house in Newark, & Albert Finney as the drunken gangster who offers them fatherly love. An emotionally taxing film but bound to be among the best of the year. Mar 11. Cannons, Haymarket, W1 (839 1527), Chelsea, 279 Kings Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc).

RoboCop (18). First major American film from Paul Verhoeven, about a technologically reconstituted policeman who sets about cleaning up the American streets. Impressive special effects & an effective screenplay that at times satirizes the hi-tech thriller genre. REVIEWED FEB, 1988.

Stakeout (15). Richard Dreyfuss & Emilio Estevez star in this comedy-thriller about an escaped convict in Seattle. Opens Feb 26. Warner West End, Leicester Square, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534). REVIEW ON P80.

White Mischief (18). Charles Dance & Greta Scacchi star in Michael Radford's film, based on fact, of marital infidelities & murder among the expats in 1940s Kenya.

DANCE

Adventures in Motion Pictures. Exciting new company featuring their hit from last year's Dance Umbrella *Crimplene*, described as "costumes by Oxfam, music by Mantovani & Abba". Mar 12. The Place, 17 Dukes Rd, WC1 (387 0031).

The Cholmondeleys. Brash, innovative all-female contemporary dance troupe here premièring new works choreographed by Lea Anderson. Feb 26, 27. The Place.

London City Ballet. Traditional treatment by producer Solveig Østergaard of *La Sylphide*, the haunting tale of love overcome by the forces of evil in the Scottish Highlands. Also on the bill, *Three Dances to Japanese Music*. Mar 22 (gala performance in the presence of the Princess of Wales), 23, 26

(m&e). *Nutcracker Suite*, including the much-loved Sugar Plum Fairy *pas de deux* & Waltz of the Flowers, choreographed by Peter Clegg. In a triple bill with *Giacossa Variations* & *Romeo & Juliet*. Mar 24, 25. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Lesa McLaughlin and Dancers. British début for this racy seven-strong ensemble from Washington DC. Mar 16, 17. The Place.

Royal Ballet. Triple bill: *The Sons of Horus*, inspired by Egyptian mythology, and featuring dazzling sets from Terry Bartlett; *Symphonic Variations*, one of Frederick Ashton's greatest works, his first departure from narrative ballets; *La Fin du jour*, evoking the lifestyle of the 1930s to Ravel's Piano Concerto in G. Mar 2. **Triple bill:** including two Balanchines *Serenade* & *Bugaku*, inspired by the visit of the dancers of the Imperial Japanese Household to America in 1959 & featuring an erotic duet in homage to the female form; & *"Still Life"* at the *Penguin Café*, a new work from David Bintley, the follow-up to his *Galanteries* & his sixth work for the Royal Ballet. Mar 9, 10, 29. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

AFTER DARK

Please phone to confirm details.

Comedy Store. The original home of alternative comedy. The open-mike spots are the most entertaining in London, if a little rowdy. Two shows on Fridays & Saturdays. Leicester Sq, WC2 (839 6665).

Gaz's Rockin' Blues. Quiff's essential at this lively one-nighter. A mix of R&B, ska & soul. Thursdays. Gossips, 69 Dean St, W1 (information: 434 4480).

Jongleurs. Now established as the capital's most popular alternative cabaret venue. The acts are always quality; stand-ups and variety. Best to book. Cornet, 49 Lavender Gdns, SW11 (information: 585 0955).

Meccano Club. Small, atmospheric, new-wave comedy club. Consistently strong bills always leave room for an "unknown" to try his luck. Fridays & Saturdays. Camden Head, Camden Passage, N1 (information: 378 7372).

The Palace. Laser lighting complements one of the best dance-floors to be found in London. Beware hyper-trendy crowd on Thursdays. 1a



The Thames from Millbank, among 30 works by Richard Redgrave at the Victoria & Albert Museum



AC/DC's lead singer will be patching up at Wembley

Camden High St, NW1 (387 0428). **Tattershall Castle.** A boat on the Thames provides the venue for this mainstream dance club. Attracts an older clientele. Victoria Embankment, SW1 (839 6548). **Wag Club.** Jazz on Mondays, soul on Thursdays. Always in the vanguard of fashion, some rather unsettling flares have been spotted here of late. 35 Wardour St, W1 (437 5534). **Wendy May's Locomotion.** DJ Wendy, self-proclaimed "Queen of Soul", keeps this large dance venue packed every Friday. Town & Country Club, 9-17 Highgate Rd, NW5 (485 5256).

JAZZ

Tommy Chase Quintet. The veteran crop-headed drummer shepherds his young band down ever-more energetic avenues. Mar 4. Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 2223). **Georgie Fame with Peter King & the Mike Pine Trio.** Welcome return for the grinning jazz-blues balladeer. Expect a smattering of Blue Flames numbers. Mar 28-Apr 2. Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith St, W1 (439 0747). **Loose Tubes.** Large-scale (21-piece) incubator for embryo talent, the Tubes are essentially a live experience. Attempting everything from swing to minimalism, their sound was once described as "collective pandemonium, performed with a *joie de vivre*". Don't miss. Mar 7-19. Ronnie Scott's. **Music of Count Basie.** Lively tribute to the much-missed Count with the Brian Lemon Octet. Mar 26. Purcell Room, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800). **Plan B.** Linda Muriel's striking vocals, backed by the latin rhythms of this new outfit. Mar 18. Battersea Arts Centre. **Bob Stewart Quartet.** Tuba virtuoso from the American avant-garde scene making a rare London appearance. Mar 24. Bass Clef, 85 Coronet St, N1 (729 2440). **Barbara Thompson Trio.** Enduringly popular British multi-instrumentalist introduces her new trio for one London date only. Mar 20. Bass Clef. **Eberhard Weber.** Only London appearance for the sensational German bass player. Using upright-bass techniques on his custom-built, five-string electric guitar, he has given the instrument a new form of expression. Mar 6. Bass Clef.

ROCK

AC/DC. High-voltage heavy metal from the veteran Aussie outfit, celebrating the success of their *Heatseeker* single. Mar 11-13. Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234, cc 741 8989). **All About Eve.** Said to be the next big thing on the neo-psychedelic scene. Far out, man. Mar 4, 5. Astoria, WC2 (437 1801, cc 434 0403/4). **The Fall.** Mancunian independent pop stalwarts with a rare(ish) London gig. Mar 18. Hammersmith Odeon, W6 (748 4081). **Heart.** A revamped video-image, specializing in guitar histrionics, has brought this long-established Canadian AOR outfit a new following. Mar 5-7. Wembley Arena. **The Pogues.** Drink-sodden Irish folksters playing songs from their highly-acclaimed album *If I Should Fall From Grace with God*. Expect a riotous evening. Mar 14-16. Town & Country, 9-17 Highgate Rd, NW5 (267 3334). **Shakin' Stevens.** Ex-Elvis impersonator does the splits for his teeny-bop fans. Mar 13. Hammersmith Odeon. **Simply Red.** The best in crafted white soul from the carrot-haired Mick Hucknall. Mar 22, 23. Wembley Arena. **T'Pau.** Shrewsbury's finest attempt to sustain the staggering success of their No 1 single "China in Your Hand". Mar 31-Apr 1. Hammersmith Odeon.

EXHIBITIONS

ANDERSON O'DAY FINE ART 255 Portobello Rd, W11 (221 7592). **Norman Ackroyd: The Western Shores & Other Images.** Major romantic landscape artist with his first London exhibition for eight years. The main body of work was carried out on the west coast of Ireland. Tue-Sat 10am-5.30pm. **BARBICAN** EC2 (638 4141). **Karsh: A Birthday Celebration.** Karsh of Ottawa was the Bernini of his time, a portrait photographer who enlarged personalities already too big for their boots. This exhibition represents the largest ever retrospective of his work. Until Apr 24. **Henry Peach Robinson.** The Victorian proponent of photographs as "High Art"—the equivalent of Royal

Academy paintings. Selected by Professor Margaret Harker. Until April 24. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). **Suleyman the Magnificent.** The extraordinary treasures of this 16th-century Ottoman statesman visit England for the first time. Gems, porcelain & furs reflect his patronage of the luxury arts. Until May 29. Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811). **Constructivism in Art & Design.** Furniture, mobiles, textiles, water-colours & drawings, all from the University of East Anglia's huge collection & covering the period 1916-18. Eclectic display of the movement's scope. Until Apr 3. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). **Lucian Freud.** Freud's realist art was once regarded as strictly not for export, but this exhibition has been seen at the Pompidou Centre & is going on to the Nationalgalerie in Berlin. If there is a School of London, Freud is at the head of it, not least because he is now the artist whom other painters, whatever their persuasion, genuinely admire. Until Apr 17.

Roger Fenton: Photographer of the 1850s. The gimlet-eyed Victorian photographer, although best-known for his pictures of the Crimean War, was capable of tackling an enormous range of subject matter, from Russian architecture to family snaps for Queen Victoria—all this in a photographic career which lasted only 10 years. Until Apr 17. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

SALLY HUNTER FINE ART

2 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0934). **Enid Marx.** Paintings & designs, including her 1937 moquette seat-cover design for London Underground & book-jacket work. Mar 2-25. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

ICA

The Mall, SW1 (930 0493). **Mineo Aayamaguchi.** Japanese video artist's first major British exhibition. Mar 2-27. Daily, noon-8pm. 60p.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321). **Noble & Patriotic: The Beaumont Gift.** Sir George Beaumont was a talented amateur artist & an impassioned collector. When he died in 1827, it was decided that 16 paintings from his collection should go to the newly-founded National Gallery which he had helped to create. Until May 3. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552). **Robert Mapplethorpe.** 70 portraits from the American photographer best-known for his work with body builder Lisa Lyons & his pictures of New York arts personalities. Mar 25-June 19. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £1, concessions 50p.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). **Old Master Paintings from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection.** Major Old Master exhibition. 10 Renaissance portraits, including the only autographed painting of Henry VIII by Holbein, are on show along with work by Duccio, El Greco & Dürer. Of great interest is Caravaggio's *St Catherine of Alexandria*. The exhibition will end with Italian, Flemish and Dutch masters of 17th-century Baroque painting with works by, among others, Frans Hals, Rubens & Van Dyck. Mar 18-June 12. Daily 10am-6pm. £3, concessions £2. **FEATURED FEB, 1988.**

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 8500). **Richard Redgrave RA.** Multi-talented Victorian with an influence not only as a painter—over 30 of his works will be on show, mirroring his concern for the poor & oppressed—but also as a designer & art administrator. Mar 16-May 22. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

ZAMANA GALLERY

Cromwell Gdns, SW7 (584 6612). **The Marco Polo Expedition.** Photographs illustrating the journey of last year's Marco Polo expedition along the Silk Road from Turkey to China. The expedition was led by writer & broadcaster Richard Fisher & supported by UNESCO. All photographs are by Tom Ang. Until Apr 10. Tue-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun noon-5.30pm. 50p.



Andrew Litton conducts the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra



One of Deirdre Clancy's costume designs for Noël Coward's *Bitter Sweet* at Sadler's Wells Theatre

CLASSICS

BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Alfred Brendel, & Lutoslawski's Symphony No 3. Mar 3, 7.15pm.

Berlin Chamber Orchestra play Mozart, directed from the violin by Heinz Schunk. Mar 6, 3.30pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducts Musorgsky, Rachmaninov & Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with Augustin Dumay as soloist; Mar 6, 7.30pm. Yuri Ahronovitch conducts Mozart's Violin Concerto No 4 & Korngold's Violin Concerto, with Gil Shaham as soloist, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 5; Mar 11, 7.45pm.

Opera Singalong. The audience is invited to join in opera choruses by Verdi, Gounod, Puccini & Wagner, with the Orchestra & Choir of the Royal Academy of Music, conducted by Nicholas Cleobury. Mar 13, 3pm.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, under Richard Hickox, perform Vaughan Williams's London Symphony & Tippett's *A Child of Our Time*. Mar 13, 7.30pm.

City of London Choir & Sinfonia, under Donald Cashmore, perform Bruckner's Mass in F minor & Fauré's Requiem. Mar 16, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. James Judd conducts symphonies by Schubert & Mozart & Beethoven's Emperor Concerto, with Jean-Louis Steurman, piano. Mar 30, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

The New Generation: Young British organists play classics & 20th-century works by Bach, Franck, Liszt, Vierne, Mussorgsky, Alain. Jane Watts, Mar 2; John Keys, Mar 9; Keith John, Mar 16; Anne Page, Mar 23; David Titterington, Mar 30; 5.55pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Lothar Zagrosek conducts Berg's Lyric Suite & Mozart's Requiem. Mar 2, 7.30pm.

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, under their newly-appointed resident conductor Andrew Litton, perform Nielsen's Violin Concerto, with Choliang Lin, & Rachmaninov's Symphonic Dances. Mar 4, 7.30pm.

Royal Choral Society, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Laszlo Heltay conducts Brahms's Song of Destiny & Alto Rhapsody, Britten's Spring Symphony. Mar 5, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducts the first British performance of Sofia Gubaidulina's Symphony, Schumann's Piano Concerto, with Viktoria Postnikova, & Elgar's orchestration of Bach's Fantasia & Fugue in C minor, Mar 8, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, under Semyon Bychkov, perform Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphosis on Themes of Carl Maria von Weber, Mozart's Horn Concerto No 3, with Hermann Baumann, & Berlioz's Symphonie fantastique. Mar 11, 7.30pm.

Jorge Bolet, piano. Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Franck, Bellini/Liszt. Mar 13, 3.15pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Walter Weller, perform Mahler's Rückert Lieder, with Janet Baker, & Schubert's Symphony No 9 (Great). Mar 15, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. David Atherton conducts Mahler's Des Knaben Wunderhorn, with Lucia Popp, soprano, & Thomas Allen, baritone, & Mahler's edition of Schumann's Symphony No 1. Mar 16, 7.30pm.

Gothenberg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Neeme Järvi, perform Brahms's Double Concerto, with Kyung Wha Chung, violin, Myung Wha Chung, cello, & Sibelius's Symphony No 1. Mar 17, 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields & Chorus, under Neville Marriner, one of the South Bank's resident orchestras, perform Ravel's Mother Goose suite, Charpentier's Te Deum, Bach's Magnificat. Mar 19, 7.30pm.

Bach Choir, English Chamber Orchestra. David Willcocks conducts two performances of Bach's St Matthew Passion, complete, sung in English. Mar 20, 27, 11am.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, under Vladimir Ashkenazy, perform Mozart's Rondo in D K382, Franck's Symphonic Variations, Mahler's Symphony No 4, with Vovka Ashkenazy, piano, Sheila Armstrong, soprano. Mar 22, 7.30pm.

USSR Philharmonic Orchestra of Novosibirsk, under Arnold Katz, with

Igor Oistrakh, violin, perform Tchaikovsky's Elegy & Waltz from Serenade for String Orchestra, Violin Concerto & Symphony No 6 (Pathétique). Mar 30, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Ladies of London Symphony Chorus. Charles Groves conducts Dvořák's Cello Concerto, with Paul Tortelier, & The Planets by Holst. Mar 31, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre.

Coming of a New Age: Four concerts marking the 21st birthday of the Queen Elizabeth Hall & the Purcell Room, given by the New London Consort, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, London Sinfonietta, & others. Mar 1, 6.30-11pm.

The Berlioz Experience: A weekend of concerts, talks, readings, discussions devoted to Berlioz's Romeo & Juliet Symphony, performed by the London Classical Players & Schütz Choir of London, conducted by Roger Norrington. Mar 4-6.

London Mozart Players, conducted by Jane Glover, continue their music of the 1870s & 1980s series with works by Michael Haydn, Mozart, Haydn & Jonathan Harvey. Mar 9, 7.45pm.

Czechmates: Chamber music by Dvořák, Suk, Smetana in five recitals. Mar 15, 29, Apr 5, 12, 19; 1.10pm.

London Sinfonietta. Lothar Zagrosek conducts a 20th-season programme of Stravinsky, Turnage, Weill, Saxton, Schoenberg. Mar 17, 7.45pm.

Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano, plays Beethoven, Ravel, Brahms. Mar 20, 3pm.

Dmitri Alexeev, piano, plays Brahms, Beethoven, Schumann. Mar 22, 7.45pm.

Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists, under John Eliot Gardiner, perform Bach's St Matthew Passion in German. Mar 23, 7pm.

London Sinfonietta. Oliver Knussen conducts two concerts in the celebration of British music. Holt, Matthews, Birtwistle, Mar 24; Holloway, Britten, Tippett, Mar 30; 7.45pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, conducted by Jeffrey Tate, play Franz Schreker's Chamber Symphony for 23 instruments, Richard Strauss's Oboe Concerto, Elgar's *Falstaff* Symphonic Study. Mar 25, 26, 8pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Billy Budd. Thomas Allen sings Billy in Tim Albery's new production, conducted by David Atherton/Martin Handley (Mar 25, 29), with Philip Langridge as Captain Vere & Richard Van Allan as Claggart. Feb 24, 27, Mar 1, 4, 8, 17, 23, 25, 29.

Orpheus in the Underworld. Cartoonist Gerald Scarfe's designs provide the background to this hilarious send-up of Offenbach's Second Empire satire. Terry Jenkins sings Orpheus, with Lesley Garrett as Eurydice, John Brecknock as Pluto & Bonaventura Bottone as the tap-dancing Mercury. Feb 23, 26, Mar 5, 9, 11, 16, 19.

Cavalleria Rusticana & Pagliacci. Revival of Ian Judge's production which merges the two operas into one dramatic entity, using a single set. Arthur Davies as Turiddu & Malcolm Donnelly as Tonio head a largely new cast. Mar 10, 12, 15, 18, 24, 26, 31.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Bitter Sweet. Valerie Masterson & Ann Mackay alternate in the role of Sari in Noël Coward's romantic operetta. Ian Judge directs; designs by Russell Craig & Deirdre Clancy. Feb 24-Mar 19.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Un ballo in maschera. Richard Armstrong conducts a strong international cast, headed by Giacomo Aragall as Gustavus III, Irina Arkhipova as Madame Arvidson, with Margaret Price & Anna Tomowa-Sintow sharing the role of Amelia, Alexandru Agache & Piero Cappuccilli sharing that of Anckarström. Feb 26, 29, Mar 3, 7, 12, 15, 18, 23, 28, 31.

Eugene Onegin. Wolfgang Brendel sings Onegin, with Mirella Freni as Tatyana, Peter Dvorsky as Lensky, Jean Rigby as Olga, all new to their roles with the company, under the Russian conductor Mark Ermler. Mar 5, 8, 16, 19, 21.

Tosca. Grace Bumbry returns to sing the title role in this long-running production, with Giuseppe Giacomini as Cavaradossi & Kostas Paskalis as Scarpia. James Lockhart conducts. Mar 14, 17, 22, 24, 30.

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Here comes summer: check out Watersports 88 at Alexandra Palace



Parisian laundry maids by Degas, to be sold by Christie's on March 28

LIST OF THE MONTH

MOVIE-SET LONDON

Ever watched a movie and said to yourself, "Wait a minute... That looks familiar..."? Here are a few London locations you might recognize:

1 Full Metal Jacket. Director: Stanley Kubrick (1987). Vietnam War epic in which the battle for Hue City was recreated at none other than Beckton gasworks in the East End. Hundreds of Londoners were used as extras to play American and Vietnamese troops.

2 Superman 4. Director: Sidney Furie (1987). All the "Supermans" were filmed in this country, but in "4" the "Metropolis Subway" is obviously the Metropolitan Line.

3 The African Queen. Director: John Huston (1951). The Bogart/Hepburn classic filmed partly on location in Africa, & partly along different stretches of the Thames.

4 Aliens. Director: James Cameron (1987). Hostile extraterrestrials invade a space station in this follow-up to the seminal *Alien*. The other-worldly interior of Acton power station provided the perfect set.

5 The Last Days of Patton. Director: Delbert Mann (1986). Biographical account of the great Second World War general. Wandsworth Town Hall doubled as the Nazi HQ (whoever said "spot the difference" about the building's present occupiers, Wandsworth Council, will be shot at dawn).

6 Dracula. Director: Terence Fisher (1958). All the "Dracula" movies that came out of Hammer ("no expense spent") Productions during 1958-76 made extensive use of the Green Belt as Transylvanian forest.

7 Gorky Park. Director: Michael Apted (1983). Murder mystery set in contemporary Moscow, shot in London & featuring a cameo performance from resident alternative comedian Alexei Sayle.

8 Death Wish 3. Director: Michael Winner (1986). Thriller in which Lambeth stood in for East New York State. When *Films & Filming* magazine pointed out it was a bit obvious, they were bombarded with mail from an angry and unrepentant Winner.

9 1984. Director: Michael Radford (1984). Radford wanted a location that gave Orwell's futuristic tale the bleak & run-down feel of Russia in 1948 (reputedly the inspiration for the novel). Where better than Docklands—pre-redevelopment, of course.

10 The Pink Panther. Director: Blake Edwards (1964). Edwards decided there were enough cobbled streets in London to provide a sufficiently Parisian setting for the bumbling antics of Inspecteur Clouseau.

OTHER EVENTS

Channel Tunnel. A guided visit to Shakespeare Cliff near Dover to see how far we have got. Mar 21. (Infor-

mation: Franco-British Society, 734 0815.)

Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition, for the domestically minded. Mar 8-Apr 4. Earls Court, Warwick Rd, SW5 (385 1234). Daily 10am-8pm, £3.80 concessions £2.30.

Jewels for the Collector. Among the highlights of this sparkling sale are several Cartier pieces, including an emerald & diamond epaulette expected to fetch around £250,000. Mar 24, 10.30am & 2.30pm. Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

"New" Degas, Les Blanchisseuses portant du linge, above, is to be sold by Christie's and is expected to fetch over £3 million. The painting of Parisian laundry maids dates from about 1876 and is offered for sale from a private English collection. Mar 28. Christie's, King St, SW1 (839 9060).

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BOOKS: THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (6) **Guinness Book of Records 1988** edited by A. Russell. Guinness Superlatives, £8.95.

2 (1) **One Day For Life** by Search 88. Bantam Press, £16.95. Photographic record of one day in Britain.

3 (2) **Oscar Wilde** by Richard Ellman. Hamish Hamilton, £11.95.

4 (—) **Catlore** by Desmond Morris. Jonathan Cape, £5.95.

5 (7) **Perestroika** by Mikhail Gorbachev. Collins, £12.95. Surprisingly readable and, in part, reasonable.

6 (4) **The Discovery of the Titanic** by Robert D. Ballard. Hodder & Stoughton, £16.95. Much of the mystery at last unravelled.

7 (5) **The Great Philosophers** by Bryan Magee. BBC, £14.95.

8 (—) **EastEnders: The Inside Story** by Julia Smith & Tony Holland. BBC, £8.95.

9 (10) **Armageddon?** by Gore Vidal. André Deutsch, £11.95. Waspyh essays from America's No 1 critic.

10 (—) **Faber Book of Reportage** edited by J. Carey. Faber & Faber, £15. Fascinating look at history via the eye-witness account.

PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (4) **Messianic Legacy** by Michael Baigent. Corgi, £3.95. Another view of Christianity—and a highly unorthodox one.

2 (9) **Cry Freedom** by Richard Attenborough. Bodley Head, £7.95. The moving story of Steve Biko.

3 (2) **Floyd on France** by Keith Floyd. BBC, £6.95.

4 (7) **Going Solo** by Roald Dahl. Penguin, £3.50. His autobiography.

5 (—) **Joyful Voices** by Doris Stokes & Linda Dearsley. Futura, £2.50.

6 (1) **Goodbye Soldier** by Spike Milligan. Penguin, £2.95. Milligan goes to war.

7 (—) **My Family and Other Animals** by Gerald Durrell. Penguin, £3.95.

8 (3) **Fish Course** by Susan Hicks. BBC, £6.95.

9 (—) **Life and Death in Shanghai** by Nien Cheng. Grafton Books, £3.95. Passionate Anglophile working for Shell spends six years in solitary confinement.

10 (—) **In Search of Blandings** by Norman Murphy. Penguin, £6.95. Where did P. G. Wodehouse find his inspiration?

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (4) **Yes, Prime Minister Vol II** by Jonathan Lynn and Antony Jay. BBC, £9.95.

2 (—) **Firefly Summer** by Maeve Binchy. Century, £11.95. Nothing is ever quite what it first seems in Ireland!

3 (5) **Winter** by Len Deighton. Hutchinson, £11.95. An exciting novel set in Germany between 1900 and 1945.

4 (2) **Hot Money** by Dick Francis. Michael Joseph, £10.95.

5 (3) **Wolf Winter** by Clare Francis. Heinemann, £10.95. Suspense on the Finnish-Russian border at the height of the Cold War.

6 (—) **Close Quarters** by William Golding. Faber & Faber, £9.95.

7 (—) **The New Confessions** by William Boyd. Hamish Hamilton, £11.95. A more serious Boyd than usual.

8 (8) **Presumed Innocent** by Scott Turow. Bloomsbury, £12.95. Exciting courtroom drama, soon to be made into a film.

9 (6) **Empire** by Gore Vidal. André Deutsch, £11.95.

10 (1) **Moon Tiger** by Penelope Lively. André Deutsch, £9.95.

PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (2) **Bolt** by Dick Francis. Pan Books, £2.95.

2 (6) **The Other Side of Paradise** by Noel Barber. Coronet, £3.95. Polio and passion in Polynesia.

3 (3) **It** by Stephen King. New English Library, £4.50. The evil menace confronted by a gang of kids from Maine.

4 (1) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell. Coronet, £4.95. Number 5 in the Hong Kong *Noble House* saga.

5 (—) **Santorini** by Alistair Maclean. Fontana, £2.95.

6 (9) **Bill Bailey** by Catherine Cookson. Corgi, £2.95.

7 (5) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James. Faber & Faber, £5.95. Gloriously intricate crime fiction.

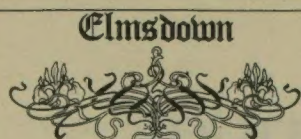
8 (—) **Night of the Fox** by Jack Higgins. Pan Books, £2.95.

9 (—) **A Song in the Morning** by Gerald Seymour. Fontana, £2.95. Son tries to rescue undercover agent father imprisoned in South Africa.

10 (—) **Victim of the Aurora** by Thomas Keneally. Sceptre, £3.50. Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.

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MELINDA SMILEY

The flaw in creation's card index

Henry Porter observes
the human behaviour that's baffling
the lemurs

MANY OF YOU will not know that a new primate has been discovered living in Madagascar. In fact, I suspect none of you knows about the find because the media, among their many faults, do not place a high premium on developments in the world primatology, except when a monkey is sent into space, or is said to have been taught to say "I want my apple" in sign language, or is found to be suffering from AIDS.

What makes the Madagascar discovery so pleasing is the knowledge that there are still animals on this planet which have not been tested, studied and categorized by the zoological bureaucracy of the last two centuries. It gives me precisely the same kick as when I hear that the British census has failed to include hundreds of people or when something nasty happens to a civil service computer. But I also like the idea of these unregistered creatures because it sets me dreaming about what else may be hiding in the forests and oceans.

When I was a child, I was endlessly fascinated by the discovery of the coelacanth, an ugly fish with flipper-like fins that had been cruising about the Indian Ocean, south of Madagascar, for 300 million years, unmolested and unrepresented in man's little card index of creation.

It has to be said that the Golden Bamboo Lemur, for that is the name of the new primate, cannot take the credit for remaining unidentified for so long. It is not as if it were gifted with any great stealth and had been cleverly hiding from man. It is merely that the Golden Bamboo Lemur looks quite like its cousins, the Gentle Grey Lemur and the Greater Bamboo Lemur, and until now nobody has noticed the difference.

The story of the identification of the Golden Bamboo Lemur is told in a racy journal called *Folio Primatologia* which is the bible for all of us interested in monkey business. It is a surprising tale because of the extraordinary light it throws on another primate—man.

It begins in 1972 when André Peyrieras, a zoologist from France, found some Greater Bamboo Lemurs in a small forest near Kianjavato. This was big news since everyone had assumed that the species had become extinct about 80 years ago. It spread quickly in what is obviously a sizeable community of lemur enthusiasts in France. A Frenchwoman named Corrine Dague reported that she had sighted

got on splendidly and soon they were swapping jokes and sharing cigarettes, and it is safe to say that no human being has come closer to understanding the lemur mentality than Meier.

What happened to Meier during the seven months he spent there must be open to speculation, but clearly he suffered a very great lapse of concentration. For in all that time he did not notice that he had been looking at an entirely new lemur. Only when he returned to look at the original troupe of Greater Bamboo Lemurs did the pfennig drop: these lemurs were completely different from his friends in the forest.

I find this remarkable because Herr Meier is a man who lives and breathes lemurs. How could he possibly have failed to notice that the two groups were differently coloured and had distinct diets; the Greater Bamboo will eat more or less anything from sausages to yogurt while the Golden Bamboo turns up its nose at everything but the freshest bamboo shoots.

On hearing the news of this uncharacteristic teutonic inefficiency, Patricia Wright fled back to Madagascar from North Carolina and began taking things in hand. She caught lemurs from the different groups and put them through a series of intensive tests and examinations (I believe the Gentle Grey Lemur passed). Then a Frenchman, Yves Rumbler, arrived and carried out some experiments which established that aside from possessing different

types of scent glands from its cousins, the Golden Bamboo Lemur was endowed with more chromosomes, so there was no excuse for confusion.

There is one thing that leaves me feeling dissatisfied about the whole story and that is the name given to the new species. It is typical of the Germans to dream up a tedious name like Golden Bamboo Lemur. For one thing it sounds as if the Lemur eats golden bamboo, which is wrong, and for another it does not carry the poetic resonance of the Gentle Grey Lemur.

Given that the French have played such a large part in the discovery, I believe the species should be renamed by them, possibly after Charles Aznavour, a French national personality who bears a very close resemblance to the Golden Bamboo Lemur, with the exception, of course, of the scent glands ○



some Gentle Greys and Greater Bamboos having a party together at another location. The lemur world could hardly contain its excitement and two expeditions set off to Madagascar. The first was led by Patricia Wright from North Carolina, USA, and the second by a West German, Bernhard Meier.

It is at this point that I find the behaviour of the zoologists a little bizarre. Wright and her cronies quickly located Greater Bamboo Lemurs, made all the necessary observations and after two months returned to the comfort of Duke University, North Carolina; obviously two months of watching lemurs slowly consume bamboo shoots is about as much as any reasonable human being can take.

Not Meier, however, who seems to have found all he wanted in Madagascar. He built some huts with his Malagasi helpers and set about befriending the lemurs. Apparently they



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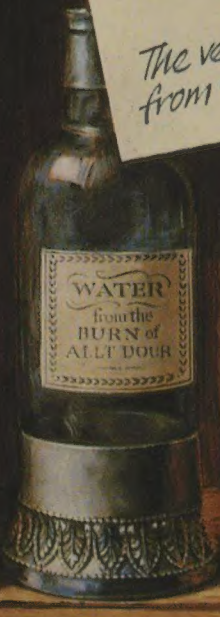
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